Accessions
151,660

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TREASURE ROOM

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THE EMPEROVR OF THE EAST.

A Tragæ-Comœdie.

The Scæne Constantinople.

As it hath bene diuers times acted, at the *Black-friers*, and *Globe* Play-houses, by the *Kings Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by PHILIP MASSINGER.

LONDON,

Printed by THOMAS HARPER, &c. for *Iohn Waterson*, ANNO 1632.

C.39.f.4.16

The ACTORS *names.*

THEODOSIVS the younger.

Paulinus, a Kinſman to the Emperour.
Philanax, Captaine of the Guard.
Timantus.
Chryſapius. } Eunuchs of the Emperours chamber.
Gratianus.
Cleon, a trauailer, friend to *Paulinus.*
Informer.
Proiector:
Maſter of the manners.
Mignion of the ſuburbs.
Countryman.
Chirurgion.
Emperick.

Pulcheria, the protectreſſe.
Athenais, a ſtrange virgin, after the Empreſſe.
Arcadia. } the younger ſiſters of the Emper.
Flaccilla.

Seruants.
Mutes.

151.660
May 1873

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, AND MY especiall good Lord, IOHN Lord MOHVNE, Baron of *Okehapton*, &c.

My good Lord,

LEET my presumption in stiling you so (hauing neuer deseru'd it in my seruice) from the clemencie of your noble dispositition finde pardon. The reuerence due to the Name of *Mohune*, longe since honored in three Earls of *Sommerset*, and eight Barons of *Munster*, may challenge from all pennes a deserued celebration. And the rather in respect those Titles were not purchas'd, but conferr'd, and continued in your Ancestours, for many vertuous, noble, and still liuing Actions; nor euer forfeited, or tainted, but when the iniquitie of those times labour'd the depression of approued goodnesse, and in wicked policie held it fit that Loyaltie, and Faith, in taking part with the true Prince, should be degraded, and mulcted. But this admitting no farther dilation in this place, may your Lordship please, and with all possible breuitie to vnderstand, the reasons why I am in humble thankfulnesse ambitious

to shelter this Poem vnder the wings of your Honorable protection. My worthy friend Mr *Aston Cokaine* your Nephew, to my extraordinarie content, deliuer'd to mee, that your Lordship at your vacant hours sometimes vouchsaf'd to peruse such trifles of mine, as haue passed the Presse, & not alone warranted them in your gentle suffrage, but disdain'd not to bestow a remembrance of your loue, and intended fauour to mee. I professe to the world, I was exalted with the bountie, and with good assurance, it being so rare in this age to meete with one Noble Name, that in feare to bee censur'd of leuitie, and weakenesse, dares expresse it selfe, a friend, or Patron to contemn'd Poetrie. Hauing therefore no meanes els left mee to witnesse the obligation, in which I stand most willingly bound to your Lordship, I offer this Tragæ-Comœdie to your gratious acceptance, no way despairing, but that with a cleere aspect, you will daine to receiue it (it being an induction to my future endeauours) and that in the list of those, that to your merit truely admire you, you may descend to number,

Your Lordships

Faithfull Honorer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

To my worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, vpon his Tragæ-Comœdie, call'd *The Emperour of the East.*

SVffer, my friend, these lines to haue the grace,
That they may bee a mole on Venus *face.*
There is no fault about thy Booke, but this,
And it will shew how faire thy Emperour is.
Thou more then Poet, our Mercurie *(that art*
Apollo's *Messenger, and do'st impart*
His best expressions to our eares) liue long
To purifie the slighted English tongue,
That both the Nymphes *of* Tagus, *and of* Poe,
May not henceforth despise our language so.
Nor could they doe it, if they ere had seene
The matchlesse features of the faerie Queene;
Read Iohnson, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, *or*
Thy neat-limnd peeces, skilfull Massinger.
Thou knowne, all the Castillians *must confesse*
Vega de Carpio *thy foile, and blesse*
His language can translate thee, and the fine
Italian *witts, yeeld to this worke of thine.*
Were old Pythagoras *aliue againe,*
In thee hee might finde reason to maintaine
His Paradox; that soules by transmigration
In diuers bodies make their habitation,
And more; that all Poetik soules yet knowne
Are met in thee, vnited, and made one.
This is a truth, not an applause. I am
One that at farthest distance view thy flame,
Yet may pronounce, that were Apollo *dead,*
In thee his Poesie might all bee read.
Forbeare thy modestie. Thy Empereurs veine
Shall liue admir'd, when Poets shall complaine.

It is a patterne of too high a reach
And what great Phœbus *might the Muſes teach.*
Let it line therefore, and I dare bee bold
To ſay, it with the world ſhall not grow old.

Aſton Cokaine.

A friend to the Author, and well-wiſher to the Reader.

WHO with a liberall hand, freely beſtowes
His bounty, on all commers, and yet knowes
No ebbe, nor formall limits, but proceeds
Continuing his heſpitable deeds,
With dayly welcome, ſhall aduance his name
Beyond the art of flatterie: with ſuch, fame
May yours (deare friend) compare. Your muſe hath bene
Moſt bountifull, and I haue often ſeene
The willing ſeates receaue ſuch as haue fedd,
And riſen thankefull; yet were ſome mis-led
By Nicetie, *when this faire Banquet came*
(So I allude) their ſtomacks were to blame,
Becauſe that excellent ſharpe, and peinant ſauce
Was wanting, they aroſe without due grace.
Loe thus a ſecond time hee doth inuite you:
Bee your owne Caruers, and it may delight you.

Iohn Clauell.

To my true friend, and Kinſman: PHILIP MASSINGER.

I Take not vp on truſt; nor am I lead
By an implicit Faith: what I haue read
With an impartiall cenſure I dare crowne
With a deſerv'd applauſe, how ere cri'd downe
By ſuch whoſe malice will not let 'em hee
Equall to any peece limnd forth by thee.

Cen-

Contemne their poore detraction, and still write
Poems like this, that can indure the light,
And search of abler iudgements. This will raise
Thy Name, the others Scandall is thy praise.
This oft perus'd by graue witts, shall liue long,
Not dye as soone, as passe the Actors tongue,
(The fate of slighter toyes) And I must say
'Tis not enough to make a passing play,
In a true Poet, Workes that should indure
Must haue a Genius in 'em strong, as pure.
And such is thine friend; nor shall time deuoure
The well form'd features of thy Emperour.

William Singleton.

Prologue at the Blackfriers.

BVT that imperious custome warrants it,
Our Author with much willingnes would omit
This Preface to his new worke. Hee hath found
(And suffer'd for't) many are apt to wound
His credit in this kind: and whether hee,
Expresse himselfe fearefull, or peremptorie,
Hee cannot scape their censures who delight
To misapplie what euer hee shall write.
'Tis his hard fate. And though hee will not sue,
Or basely beg such suffrages, yet to you
Free, and ingenious spirits, hee doth now,
In mee present his seruice, with his vow
Hee hath done his best, and though hee cannot glorie
In his inuention, (this worke being a storie,
Of reuerend Antiquitie) hee doth hope
In the proportion of it, and the scope,
You may obserue some peeces drawne like one
Of a stedfast hand, and with the whiter stone
To bee mark'd in your faire censures. More then this
I am forbid to promise, and it is
With the most 'till you confirme it: since wee know
What ere the shaft bee, Archer, or the bow,

From

From which 'tis sent, it cannot hit the white
Vnlesse your approbation guide it right.

Prologue at Court.

AS euer (Sir) you lent a gratious eare
To oppres'd innocence, now vouchsafe to heare
A short petition. At your feete in mee
The Poet kneeles, and to your Maiestie
Appeales for iustice. What wee now present,
When first conceiu'd, in his vote and intent,
Was sacred to your pleasure; in each part
Wish his best of fancie, iudgment, language, art,
Fashiond, and form'd so, as might well, and may
Deserue a welcome, and no vulgar way.
Hee durst not (Sir) at such a solemne feast
Lard his graue matter with one scurrilous iest,
But labour'd that no passage might appeare,
But what the Queene without a blush might heare.
And yet this poore worke suffer'd by the rage,
And enuie of some Catos of the stage:
Yet still hee hopes, this Play which then was scene
With sore eyes, and condemn'd out of their spleen,
May bee by you, The supreme iudge, set free,
And rais'd aboue the reach of calumnie.

The

The Emperour of the East.

The Scæne Constantinople.

Act 1. Scæne 1.

Paulinus. Cleon.

Paul. IN your six yeeres trauaile, friend, no doubt you haue met with
Many, and rare aduentures, and obserud
The wonders of each climate, varying in
The manners, and the men, and so returne,
For the future seruice of your prince and country,
In your vnderstanding betterd.

Cleon. Sir, I haue made oft
The best vse in my power, and hope my gleanings,
After the full crop others reapd before me,
Shall not when I am call'd on, altogether
Appeare vnprofitable: yet I left
The miracle of miracles in our age
At home behind me; euery where abroad
Fame with a true, though prodigall voyce, deliuer'd
Such wonders of *Pulcheria* the Princesse,
To the amazement, nay astonishment rather
Of such as heard it, that I found not one
In all the States and Kingdomes that I pass'd through,
Worthy to be her second.

Paul. She indeed is
A perfect Phœnix, and disdaynes a riuall.
Her infant yeeres, as you know, promis'd much

But growne to ripeneſſe ſhee tranſcendes, and makes
Credulitie her debtor. I will tell you
In my blunt way, to entertaine the time,
Vntill you haue the happineſſe to ſee her,
How in your abſence ſhee hath borne her ſelfe,
And with all poſſible breuitie, though the ſubiect
Is ſuch a ſpatious field, as would require
An abſtract of the pureſt eloquence
(Deriu'de from the moſt famous Orators
The nurſe of learning, *Athens*, ſhew'd the world)
In that man, that ſhould vndertake to bee
Her true Hiſtorian.

Cleon. In this you ſhall doe mee
A ſpeciall fauour.

Paulinus. Since *Arcadius* death,
Our late great Maſter, the protection of
The Prince his Sonne, the ſecond *Theodoſius*,
By a generall vote and ſuffrage of the people,
Was to her charge aſſigned, with the diſpoſure
Of his ſo many Kingdomes. For his perſon
Shee hath ſo train'd him vp in all thoſe arts
That are both great and good, and to be wiſhed
In an Imperiall Monarch, that the Mother
Of the *Gracchi*, graue *Cornelia* (Rome ſtill boaſts of)
The wiſe *Pulcheria* but nam'd, muſt be
No more remembred. She by her example
Hath made the court a kinde of Academy,
In which true honour is both learnd, and practiſd,
Her priuate lodging's a chaſte Nunnery,
In which her ſiſters as probationers heare
From her their ſoueraigne Abbeſſe, all the precepts
Read in the ſchoole of vertue.

Cleon. You amaze mee.

Paulinus. I ſhall ere I conclude. For heere the wonder
Begins, not ends. Her ſoule is ſo immenſe,
And her ſtrong faculties ſo apprehenſiue,
To ſearch into the depth of deepe deſignes,

And

And of all natures, that the burthen which
To many men were insupportable,
To her is but a gentle exercise,
Made by the frequent vse familiar to her.
Cleon. With your good fauour let me interrupt you.
Being as she is in euery part so perfect,
Me thinkes that all kings of our Easterne world
Should become riualls for her.
Paulinus. So they haue,
But to no purpose. She that knowes her strength
To rule, and gouerne Monarchs, scornes to weare
On her free necke the seruile yoke of marriage.
And for one loose desire, enuie it selfe
Dares not presume to taint her. *Venus* sonne
Is blinde indeed, when he but gazes on her.
Her chastity being a rocke of Diamonds,
With which encountred his shafts flie in splinters,
His flaming torches in the liuing spring
Of her perfections, quench'd: and to crowne all;
Shee's so impartiall when she sits vpon
The high tribunall, neither swayd with piety,
Nor awd by feare beyond her equall scale,
That 'tis not superstition to beleeue
Astrea once more liues vpon the earth,
Pulcheriaes brest her temple.
Cleon. You haue giuen her
An admirable character.
Paulinus. She deserues it,
And such is the commanding power of vertue,
That from her vitious enemies it compells
Pæans of prayse as a due tribute to her. *Solemne lowd musick.*
Cleon. What meanes this solemne musicke?
Paulinus. It vshers
The Emperours morning meditation,
In which *Pulcheria* is more then assistant.
Tis worth your obseruation, and you may
Collect from her expence of time this day,

How her howres for many yeeres haue beene disposd of.

Cleon. I am all eyes and eares.

Enter after a straine of musicke, Philanax, Timantus, Patriarch, Theodosius, Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, *followed by* Chrysapius *and* Gratianus, Informer, Seruants, Officers.

Pulcheria, Your patience Sir,
Let those corrupted ministers of the court,
Which you complayne of, our deuotions ended,
Be cited to appeare. For the Embassadours
Who are importunate to haue audience,
From me you may assure them, that to morrow
They shall in publike kisse the Emperours robe,
And we in priuate with our soonest leasure
Will giue 'em hearing. Haue you especiall care too
That free accesse be granted vnto all
Petitioners. The morning weares. Pray you on Sir;
Time lost is ne're recouerd.

Exeunt Theodosius, Pulcheria, *and the traine.*

Paulinus. Did you note
The maiesty she appeares in?

Cleon. Yes my good Lord,
I was rauish'd with it.

Paulinus. And then with what speede
Shee orders her dispatches, not one daring
To interpose; the Emperour himselfe
Without replie putting in act what euer
Shee pleas'd to impose vpon him.

Cleon. Yet there were some
That in their sullen lookes rather confessed
A forc'd constraint to serue her, then a will
To bee at her deuotion, what are they?

Paulin. Eunuchs of the Emperours chamber, that repine,

The

The globe and awfull ſcepter ſhould giue place
Vnto the diſtaffe, for as ſuch they whiſper
A womans gouernment, but dare not yet
Expreſſe themſelues.

Cleon. From whence are the Embaſſadours
To whom ſhe promiſde audience?

Paulinus. They are
Imployd by diuers Princes, who deſire
Alliance with our Emperour, whoſe yeeres now
As you ſee, write him man. One would aduance
A daughter to the honour of his bed,
A ſecond, his fayre ſiſter: to inſtruct you
In the particulars would aske longer time
Then my owne deſignes giue way to. I haue letters
From ſpeciall friends of mine, that to my care
Commend a ſtranger virgin, whom this morning
I purpoſe to preſent before the Princeſſe,
If you pleaſe, you may accompany me.

Cleon. Ile wait on you, *Exeunt.*

Act. 1. Scene 2.

Informer, Officers bringing in the Proiector, the Suburbs Mignion, the Maſter of the habit and maners.

Informer. Why ſhould you droope, or hang your working (heads?
No danger is meant to you, pray beare vp,
For ought I know you are cited to receiue
Preferment due to your merits.

Proiector. Very likely,
In all the proiects I haue read and practiſd
I neuer found one man compeld to come
Before the ſeat of iuſtice vnder guarde
To receiue honour.

Informer. No; it may be you are

The first example. Men of qualities,
As I haue deliuer'd you to the protectresse,
Who knows how to aduance them, cannot conceiue
A fitter place to haue their vertues publish'de,
Then in open Court: could you hope that the Princesse
Knowing your pretious merits, will reward 'em
In a priuate corner? no, you know not yet
How you may be exalted.

Suburbs Minion. To the gallowes.

Informer. Fy,
Nor yet depressde to the Gallies; in your names
You carry no such crimes: your specious titles
Cannot but take her: President of the Projectors!
What a noyse it makes? The maller of the habit,
How proud would some one country be that I know
To be your first pupill? Minion of the suburbs,
And now and then admitted to the Court,
And honor'd with the stile of Squire of Dames,
What hurt is in it? One thing I must tell you,
As *I* am the State scout, you may think me an informer.

Master of the habit. They are *Synonima.*

Informer. Conceale nothing from her
Of your good parts, 'twill be the better for you,
Or if you should, it matters not, she can coniure,
And I am her vbiquitary spirit,
Bound to obey her, you haue my instructions,
Stand by, heeres better company.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais, *with a Petition.*

Athenais. Can I hope, Sir,
Oppressed innocence shall finde protection,
And iustice among strangers, when my brothers,
Brothers of one wombe, by one Sire begotten,
Trample on my afflictions?

Paulinus. Forget them,
Remembring those may helpe you.

Athe-

Athenais. They haue robde mee
Of all meanes to prefer my iuſt complaint
With any promiſing hope to gaine a hearing,
Much leſſe redreſſe: petitions not ſweetened
With golde, are but vnſauorie, oft refuſed,
Or if receau'd, are pocketted, not read.
A ſuitors ſwelling teares by the glowing beames
Of Cholerick authority are dri'd vp,
Before they fall, or if ſeene neuer pittied.
What will become of a forſaken maide?
My flattering hopes are too weake to encounter
With my ſtronge enemy, deſpaire, and 'tis
In vaine to oppoſe her.

Cleon. Cheere her vp, ſhee faints, Sir.

Paulin. This argues weakeneſſe, thogh your brothers were
Cruell beyond expreſſion, and the iudges
That ſentenc'd you, corrupt; you ſhall finde heere
One of your owne faire ſexe to doe you right,
Whoſe beames of iuſtice like the Sun extend
Their light, and heate to ſtrangers, and are not
Municipall, or confinde.

Athenais. Pray you doe not feede mee
With aerie hopes, vnleſſe you can aſſure mee
The greate *Pulcheria* will deſcende to heare
My miſerable ſtorie, it were better
I died without her trouble.

Paulinus. Shee is bound to it
By the ſureſt chaine, her naturall inclination
To helpe th' afflicted, nor ſhall long delayes
(More terrible to miſerable ſuitors
Then quicke denialls) grieue you; Drie your faire eyes,
This roome will inſtantly bee ſanctifi'd
With her bleſſ'd preſence; to her ready hand
Preſent your grieuances, and reſt aſſur'd
You ſhall depart contented.

Athenais. You breath in mee
A ſecond life.

Informer. Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to heare
Your ſeruant a few words?
Paulinus. Away you raſcall,
Did I euer keepe ſuch ſeruants?
Informer. If your honeſtie
Would giue you leaue, it would bee for your profit.
Paul. To make vſe of an Informer? tell mee in what
Can you aduantage mee?
Informer. In the firſt tender
Of a freſh ſuite neuer begd yet,
Paulinus. Whats your ſuite Sir?
Informer. 'Tis feaſible, heere are three arrant knaues
Diſcouerd by my Art:
Paulinus. And thou the arch-knaue,
The greate deuoure the leſſe:
Informer. And with good reaſon,
I muſt eate one a month, I cannot liue els.
Paulinus. A notable cannibal? but ſhould I heare thee,
In what doe your knaues concerne mee?
Informer. In the begging
Of their eſtates.
Paulinus. Before they are condemned? (els.
Inf. Yes or arraigned, your Lordſhip mayſpeake too late
They are your owne, and I will bee content
With the fifi part of a ſhare.
Paulinus. Hence Rogue,
Informer. Such Rogues
In this kinde will be heard, and cheriſh'd too.
Foole that I was to offer ſuch a bargaine,
To a ſpic'd conſcience chapman, but I care not
What hee diſdaines to taſte others will ſwallow. *Lowde Muſ.*

Enter Theodoſius, Pulcheria, *and the traine.*

Cleon. They are returned from the Temple.
Paul. See, ſhee appeares,
What thinke you now?

Athenais. A cunning Painter thus
Her vaile tane off and awfull sword and ballance
Lay'd by woulde picture iustice.
Pulcheria. When you please,
You may intend those royall exercises
Suiting your birth, and greateneſſe: I will beare
The burthen of your cares, and hauing purged
The body of your empire of ill humors,
Vpon my knees surrender it.
Chrysapius. Will you euer
Bee awde thus like a Boy?
Gratianus. And kille the rod
Of a proude Mistrisse?
Timantus. Bee what you were borne Sir.
Philanax. Obedience and Maiestie neuer lodg'd
In the same Inne.
Theodosius. No more; hee neuer learned
The right way to command, that stopp'd his eares
To wise directions.
Pulcheria. Reade ore the Papers
I left vpon my cabinet, two hours hence
I will examine you.
Flaccilla. Wee spende our time well!
Nothing but praying, and poring on a booke,
It ill agrees with my constitution, sister.
Arcadia. Would I had beene borne some masquing Ladies woman,
Only to see strange sights, rather then liue thus.
Flaccilla. We are gone forsooth, there is no remedy, sister;

Exeunt Arcadia *and* Flaccilla.

Gratianus. What hath his eye found out?
Timantus. 'Tis fix'd vpon
That stranger Lady.
Chrysapius. I am glad yet, that
Hee dares looke on a Woman.

All this time the informer kneeling to Pulcheria, *and delinering papers.*

Theodos. Philanax,
What is that comely stranger?
Philanax. A Petitioner.
Chrys. Will you heare her case, and dispatch her in your Chamber?
Ile vndertake to bring her.
Theod. Bring mee to
Some place where I may looke on her demeaner
'Tis a louely creature?

Exeunt Theodosius, Patriarck *and the traynes.*

Chrys. Ther's some hope in this yet.
Pulch. No you haue done your parts:
Paul. Now opportunity courts you,
Prefer your suite,
Athenais. As low as miserie
Can fall, for proofe of my humilitie,
A poore distressed Virgin bowes her head,
And layes hold on your goodnesse, the last altar
Calamitie can flie to for protection.
Great mindes erect their neuer falling trophees
On the firme base of mercie; but to triumphe
Ouer a suppliant by proud fortune captiued,
Argues a Bastard conquest: 'tis to you
I speake, to you the faire, and iust *Pulcheria*,
The wonder of the age, your sexes honor,
And as such daine to heare mee. As you haue
A soule moulded from heauen, and doe desire
To haue it made a star there, make the meanes
Of your ascent to that celestiall height
Vertue wing'd with braue action: they draw neer
The nature, and the essence of the Gods,

Who

Who imitate their goodneſſe.

Pulcher. If you were
A ſubiect of the Empire, which your habit
In euery part denies.

Athenais. O flie not to
Such an euaſion; what ere I am,
Being a Woman, in humanitie
You are bound to right mee, though the difference
Of my religion may ſeeme to exclude mee
From your defence (which you would haue confinde)
The morall vertue, which is generall,
Muſt know no limits; by theſe bleſſed feete
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly
On the ſtiffe necke of tyrannous oppreſſion,
By theſe teares by which I bath 'em, I coniure you
With pitty to looke on mee.

Pulch. Pray you riſe,
And as you riſe receiue this comfort from mee;
Beauty ſet off with ſuch ſweete language neuer
Can want an Aduocate, and you muſt bring
More then a guiltie cauſe if you preuaile not.
Some buſineſſe long ſince thought vpon diſpatched,
You ſhall haue hearing, and as far as iuſtice
Will warrant mee, my beſt aydes.

Athen. I doe deſire,
No ſtronger garde, my equitie needs no fauour.

Pulch. Are theſe the men?

Proiector. Wee were, an 't like your highneſſe,
The men, the men of eminence, and marke,
And may continue ſo, if it pleaſe your grace.

Maſter This ſpeech was well proiected.

Pul. Does your conſcience
(I will begin with you) whiſper vnto you
What heere you ſtand accuſed of? are you named
The Preſident of Proiectors?

Inform. Iuſtifie it man,
And tell her in what thou art vſefull.

Project. That is apparent,
And if you please, aske some about the court,
And they will tell you too my rare inuentions,
They owe their braverie, perhaps meanes to purchase,
And cannot liue without mee. I alas
Lende out my labouring braines to vse, and sometimes
For a drachma in the pound, the more the pitty.
I am all patience, and indure the curses
Of many, for the profit of one patron.

Pulcher. I do conceiue the rest. What is the second?

Informer. The mignion of the suburbs.

Pulcheria. What hath he
To doe in *Constantinople?*

Mign. I steale in now and then,
As *I* am thought vsefull, marry there I am calde
The Squire of Dames, or seruant of the sex,
And by the allowance of some sportfull Ladies
Honor'd with that title.

Pulch. Spare your Character,
You are heere desciphered; stand by with your compere;
What is the third? a creature I ne're heard of;
The master of the manners, and the habit,
You haue a double office.

Master. In my actions
I make both good, for by my theoremes
Which your polite, and terser gallants practise,
I rerefine the court, and ciuilize
Their barbarous natures: *I* haue in a table
With curious punctualitie set downe
To a haires breadth, how low a new stamp'd courtier
May vaile to a country Gentleman, and by
Gradation, to his marchant, mercer, draper,
His linnen man, and taylor.

Pulch. Pray you discouer
This hidden mysterie.

Master. *If* the foresayde courtier
(As it may chance somtimes) find not his name

Writ in the Citizens bookes, with a State hum
He may salute 'em after three dayes wayting:
But if he owe them money, that he may
Preserue his credit, let him, in policy, neuer
Appoint a day of payment, so they may hope still:
But if he be to take vp more, his page
May attend 'em at the gate, and vsher 'em
Into his Cellar, and when they are warm'd with wine,
Conduct 'em to his bedchamber, and though then
He be vnder his Barbers hands, assoone as seene,
He must start vp to embrace 'em, vayle thus low,
Nay though he call 'em cosins, 'tis the better,
His Dignity no way wrong'd in't.

Paulinus. Here's a fine knaue.

Pulch. Does this rule hold without exception sirrha
For Courtiers in generall?

Mast. No, deare madam,
For one of the last edition, and for him
I haue composde a Dictionary, in which
He is instructed, how, when, and to whom
To be proud or humble; at what times of the yeare
He may do a good deed for it selfe, and that is
Writ in Dominicall letters, all dayes else
Are his owne, and of those dayes the seuerall houres
Markt out, and to what vse.

Pulch. Shew vs your method,
I am strangely taken with it.

Mast. Twill deserue
A pension, I hope. First a strong cullise
In his bed to heighten appetite: Shuttle-cock
To keepe him in breath when he rises; Tennis Courts
Are chargeable, and the riding of great horses
Too boystrous for my yong Courtier, let the old ones
I thinke not of, vse it; next his meditation
How to court his Mistresse, and that he may seeme witty,
Let him be furnish'd with confederate iests
Between him and his friend, that on occasion

They may vent em mutually: what his pace, and garbe
Must be in the presence, then the length of his sword,
The fashion of the hilt, what the blade is
It matters not, 'twere barbarisme to vse it,
Vnlesse to shew his strength vpon an andiron,
So the sooner broke, the better.

Pulch. How I abuse
This pretious time! Proiector, I treat first
Of you and your disciples; you roare our,
All is the Kings, his will aboue his lawes:
And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes
For his poore subiects; whispering in his eare,
If he would haue them feare, no man should dare
To bring a sallad from his country garden,
Without the paying gubell; kill a hen,
Without excise: and that if he desire
To haue his children, or his seruants weare
Their heads vpon their shoulders, you affirme,
In policy, tis fit the owner should
Pay for 'em by the pole; or if the Prince want
A present summe, he may command a city
Impossibilities, and for non-performance
Compell it to submit to any fine
His Officers shall impose: is this the way
To make our *Emperor* happy? can the groanes
Of his subiects yeeld him musick? must his thresholds
Be wash'd with widdowes and wrong'd orphans teares,
Or his power grow contemptible?

Proiect. I begin
To feele my selfe a rogue againe.

Pulch. But you are
The Squire of Dames, deuoted to the seruice
Of gamesome Ladies, the hidden mystery
Discouer'd, their close bawde; thy slauish breath
Fanning the fires of lust, the Goe-between
This female, and that wanton Sir, your art
Can blinde a iealous husband, and disguise

Like

Like a Millainer or Shoomaker, conuey
A letter in a pantophle or gloue
Without ſuſpition, nay at his table
In a caſe of picketoothes; you inſtruct 'em how
To parley with their eyes, and make the temple
A mart of looſeneſſe: to diſcouer all
The ſubtile brokages, were to teach in publick,
Thoſe priuate practiſes which are, in iuſtice,
Seuerely to bee puniſh'd.

Mignion. I am caſt,
A iurie of my patroneſſes cannot quit mee.

Pulcheria. You are m.. ter of the manners, and the habit,
Rather the ſcorne of ſuch as would liue men,
And not like Apes with ſeruile imitation,
Studie prodigious faſhions. You keepe
Intelligence abroad that may inſtruct,
Our giddie youth at home what new found faſhion
Is now in vſe, ſwearing hees moſt compleate
That firſt turnes monſter. Know villaines, I can thruſt
This arme into your hearts, ſtrip off the fleſh
That couers your deformities, and ſhew you
In your owne nakedneſſe. Now though the law
Call not your follies death, you are for euer
Baniſh'd my brothers court. Away with 'em.
I will heare no reply.

Exeunt Informer, Officers, Priſoners, *the curtaines drawne aboue,* Theodoſius, *and his* Eunuches *diſcouer'd.*

Paulinus. What thincke you now?

Cleon. That I am in a dreame, or that I ſee
A ſeconde *Pallas.*

Pulch. Theſe remou'd, to you
I cleare my browe, ſpeake without care ſweete mayde,
Since with a milde aſpect and ready eare,
I ſit prepar'd to heare you.

Athen. Know greate Princeſſe,

My

My father, though a *Pagan*, was admir'd
For his deepe serch into those hidden studies,
Whose knowledge is deni'd to common men:
The motion, with the diuers operations
Of the superior bodies, by his long
And carefull obseruation were made
Familiar to him, all the secret virtues
Of plants, and simples, and in what degree
They were vsefull to mankinde, hee could discourse of;
In a word conceiue him as a Prophet honourd
In his owne countrie. But being borne a man,
It lay not in him to defer the hower
Of his approching death, though long foretold:
In this so fatall hower hee call'd before him
His two sonnes, and my selfe, the deerest pledges
Lent him by nature, and with his right hand
Blessing our seuerall heades, hee thus began;

Chrys. Marke his attention.

Phyl. Giue mee leaue to marke too.

Athen. If I could leaue my vnderstanding to you,
It were superfluous to make diuision
Of whatsoeuer els *I* can bequeath you,
But to auoide contention, I allot
An equall portion of my possessions
To you my sonnes: but vnto thee my daughter,
My ioy, my darling (pardon mee though I
Repeate his words) if my prophetick soule
Ready to take her flight, can truely gheese at
Thy future fate, I leaue the strange assurance
Of the greateneese thou art borne to, vnto which
Thy brothers shall be proud to pay their seruice,

Paulinus. And all men els that honour beauty

Theod. Nimph.

Ath. Yet to prepare thee for that certaine fortune,
And that I may from present wants defend thee,
I leaue ten thousand crownes, which sayd, being call'd
To the fellowship of our Deities, he expird,

And

And with him all remembrance of the charge
Concerning me, left by him to my brothers.
Pulch. Did they deteyne your legacy?
Athenais. And still do.
His ashes were scarce quiet in his vrne,
When in derision of my future greatnesse,
They thrust me out of doores, denying me
One short nights harbor.
Pulch. Weepe not.
Ath. I desire
By your perswasion, or commanding power,
The restitution of mine owne, or that
To keepe my frailty from temptation,
In your compassion of me, you would please
I as a handmaid may be entertaind
To do the meanest offices to all such
As are honor'd in your seruice.
Pulch. Thou art welcome. What is thy name?
Ath. The forlorne *Athenais.*
Takes her vp and kisses her.
Pulch. The sweetnes of thy innocence strangely takes me;
Forget thy brothers wrongs, for I will be
In my care a mother, in my loue a sister to thee;
And were it possible thou could'st be wooned
To be of our beleefe.
Paulinus. May it please your excellence,
That is an easie taske, *I*, though no schollar,
Dare vndertake it; cleere truth cannot want
Rhetoricall perswasions.
Pulch. Tis a work,
My Lord, will well become you; break vp the Court,
May your endeuors prosper.
Paulinus. Come my faire one,
I hope my conuert.
Ath. Neuer, I will die
As *I* was borne.

Paulinus. Better you nere had beene. (gone?
Philanax. What does your maiesty think of? the maid's
Theod. She's wondrous faire, and in her speech appear'd
Peeces of schollarship.
Chrysap. Make vse of her learning
And beauty together, on my life she will be proud
To be so conuerted.
Theod. From foule lust heauen guard me. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Scæne 1.

Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, Gratianus.

Philanax. We only talk when we should do,
Timantus. Ile second you,
Begin, and when you please.
Gratianus. Be constant in it.
Chry. That resolution which growes cold to day,
Will freeze to morrow.
Gratianus. 'Slight, I think sheele keepe him
Her ward for euer, to her selfe ingrossing
The disposition of all the fauors
And bounties of the Empire.
Chrys. Wee that by
The neerenesse of our seruice to his person,
Should raise this man, or pull downe that, without
Her licence hardly dare prefer a suit,
Or if wee doe, 'tis cross'd.
Philanax. You are troubled for
Your proper ends, my aimes are high and honest.
The wrong that's done to Maiesty I repine at:
I loue the Emperor, and 'tis my ambition
To haue him know himselfe, and to that purpose
Ile run the hazard of a check.
Gratianus. And I

The losse of my place:
Timan. I will not come behinde,
Fall what can fall.
Chry. Let vs put on sad aspects
To draw him on; charge home, weele fetch you off,
Or ly dead by you.

Enter Theodosius.

Theod. How's this? clouds in the chamber,
And the ayre cleere abroad.
Phil. When you our Sunne
Obscure your glorious beames, poore we that borrow
Our little light from you, cannot but suffer
A generall Eclipse.
Timantus. Great Sir, 'tis true,
For 'till you please to know, and be your selfe,
And freely dare dispose of what's your owne
Without a warrant; we are falling meteors,
And not fixed starres.
Chrys. The pale fac'd Moon that should
Gouerne the night, vsurps the rule of day,
And still is at the full in spite of nature,
And will not know a change.
Theod. Speak you in riddles?
I am no *Oedipus*, but your Emperor,
And as such would be instructed.
Philanax. Your command
Shall be obeyd, till now I neuer heard you
Speak like your selfe; and may that power by which
You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall
Deliuer, as a faithfull subiect to you,
Hath root, or growth from malice, or base enuy
Of your Sisters greatnesse; I could honor in her
A power subordinate to yours, but not
As 'tis predominant.
Timan. It it fit that she,

In her birth your vassall, should command the knees
Of such as should not bow but to your selfe?
Grat. Shee with security walkes vpon the heads
Of the nobility, the multitude
As to a Deitie offring sacrifice,
For her grace, and fauour.
Chrys. Her proude feete euen wearied
With the kisses of petitioners.
Gratian, While you,
To whom alone such reuerence is proper,
Passe vnregarded by her,
Timant. You haue not yet
Bene Master of one houre of your whole life,
Chrys. Your will and faculties kept in more awe,
Then shee can doe her owne
Philanax. And as a bondman,
O let my zeale finde grace, and pardon from you,
That I descende so low, you are designed
To this or that imployment, suiting well
A priuate man I grant, but not a Prince,
To bee a perfit horseman, or to know
The words of the chace, or a faire man of armes,
Or to bee able to pierce to the depth,
Or write a comment on th' obscurest Poets,
I grant are ornaments, but your maine scope
Should bee to gouerne men to guarde your owne,
If not enlarge your empire.
Chrys. You are built vp
By the curious hand of nature to reuiue
The memorie of *Alexander*, or by
A prosperous successe in your braue actions
To riuall *Cæsar.*
Timant. Rouze your selfe, and let not
Your pleasure bee a copye of her will
Philan. Your pupill age is past'd, and manly actions
Are now expected from you.
Grat. Doe not loose

Your

Your subiects heartes,

Timant. What is't to haue the meanes
To bee magnificent, and not exercise
The boundlesse vertue?

Grat. You confine your selfe
To that which strict Philosophie allowes of,
As if you were a priuate man.

Tim. No pompe,
Or glorious showes of royaltie, rendring it
Both lou'd, and terrible.

Grat. 'Slight you liue, as it
Begets some doubt, whether you haue or not
Th'abilities of a man.

Chrys. The Firmament
Hath not more starres then there are seuerall beauties
Ambitious at the height to impart their deare,
And sweetest fauours to you.

Grat. Yet you haue not
Made choice of one, of all the sex, to serue you,
In a Physicall way of courtshippe.

Theod. But that I would not
Beginne the expression of my being a man,
In blood, or staine the first white robe I weare
Of absolute power, with a seruile imitation
Of any tyrannous habit, my iust anger
Prompts mee to make you in your suffrings feele,
And not in words to instruct you, that the licence
Of the loose, and saucie language you now practised,
Hath forfeited your heades.

Grut. How's this?

Phil. I know not
What the play may proue, but I assure you that
I doe not like the prologue.

Theod. O the miserable
Condition of a Prince! who though hee varie
More shapes then *Proteus* in his minde, and manners,
Hee cannot winne an vniuersall suffrage,

From the many-headed monster, Multitude.
Like *Æsops* foolish Frogges they trample on him,
As a senseleſſe blocke, if his gouernement bee easie,
And if hee proue a Storke, they croke, and rayle
Against him as a tyranne. Ile put off
That maiestie, of which you thinke I haue
Nor vse, nor feeling, and in arguing with you,
Conuince you with strong proofes of common reason,
And not with absolute power, against which, wretches,
You are not to dispute. Dare you that are
My creatures, by my prodigall fauours fashion'd,
Presuming on the neerenesse of your seruice,
Set off with my familiar acceptance,
Condemne my obsequiousnesse to the wise directions
Of an incomparable Sister, whom all parts
Of our world, that are made happy in knowledge
Of her perfections, with wonder gaze on?
And yet you that were only borne to eate
The blessings of our mother earth, that are
Distant but one degree from beasts (since slaues
Can claime no larger priuiledge) that know
No farther then your sensuall appetites,
Or wanton lust haue taught you, vndertake
To giue your soueraigne lawes to follow that
Your ignorance markes out to him? *Walkes by.*

Gratian. How were wee
Abus'd in our opinion of his temper?

Phil. Wee had forgot 'tis found in holy writ,
That Kings hearts are inscrutable.

Timantus. I ne're reade it,
My studie lies not that way.

Philan. By his lookes
The tempest still increases.

Theod. Am I growne
So stupid in your iudgments, that you dare
With such security offer violence
To sacred maiestie? will you not know

The Lyon is a Lyon, though he show not
His rending pawes? or fill th'affrighted ayre
With the thunder of his rorings? you bless'd Saints,
How am I trenched on? is that temperance
So famous in your cited *Alexander*,
Or Roman *Scipio* a crime in mee?
Cannot I bee an Emperour, vnlesse
Your wiues, and daughters bow to my proud lusts?
And cause I rauish not their fairest buildings
And fruitfull vineyards, or what is dearest,
From such as are my vassalls, must you conclude
I doe not know the awfull power, and strength
Of my prerogatiue? am I close handed
Because I scatter not among you that
I must not call mine owne. Know you court leeches,
A Prince is neuer so magnificent,
As when hee's sparing to inrich a few
With th'iniuries of many; could your hopes
So grossely flatter you, as to beleeue
I was born and traind vp as an Emperour, only
In my indulgence to giue sanctuarie,
In their vniust proceedings, to the rapine
And auarice of my groomes?

Philar. *In* the true mirror
Of your perfections, at length wee see
Our owne deformities.

Timant. And not once daring
To look vpon that maiestie wee now sleighted;

Chrys. With our faces thus glewd to the earth, wee beg
Your gratious pardon.

Grat. Offring our neckes
To bee trod on, as a punishment for our late
Presumption, and a willing testimony
Of our subiection.

Theod. Deserue our mercie
In your better life hereafter, you shall finde,
Though in my Fathers life *I* held it madnesse,

To

To vsurp his power, and in my youth disdainde not
To learne from the instructions of my sister,
Ile make it good to all the world, I am
An Emperor; and euen this instant grasp
The Scepter, my rich stock of maiesty
Intire, no scruple wasted.
Phila. If these teares
I drop, proceed not from my ioy to heare this,
May my eye-bals follow 'em.
Tim. I will shew my selfe
By your suddain metamorphosis transform'd
From what I was.
Grat. And nere presume to aske
What fits not you to giue.
Theod. Moue in that sphere,
And my light with full beames shall shine vpon you.
Forbeare this slavish courtship, 'tis to me
In a kinde idolatrous.
Phil. Your gratious sister.

Enter Pulcheria, Seruant.

Pul. Has he conuerted her?
Ser. And, as such, will
Present her when you please.
Pul. I am glad of it.
Comand my Dresser to adorne her with
The robes that I gaue order for.
Mar. I shall.
Pul. And let those pretious Iewels I tooke last
Out of my Cabinet, if't be possible,
Giue lustre to her beauties, and that done,
Command her to be neere vs.
Mar. Tis a prouince
I willingly embrace, *Exit Mart.*
Pul. O my deare Sir,
You haue forgot your morning taske, and therefore

With

With a mothers loue I come to reprehende you,
But it shall bee gentlie.
Theodos. 'T will become you, though,
You said with reuerend duty. Know heereafter,
If my mother liu'd in you, how ere her sonne,
Like you shee were my subiect.
Pulch. How?
Theod. Put off
Amazement, you will finde it. Yet Ile heare you
At distance, as a sister, but no longer
As a gouernesse, *I* assure you.
Grat. This is put home,
Timant. Beyond our hopes
Philam. Shee stands as if his words
Had powerfull magick in 'em.
Theod. Will you haue mee
Your pupill euer? the downe on my chinne
Confirmes I am a man, a man of men,
The Emperour, that knowes his strength.
Pulcheria, Heauen grant
You know it not too soone.
Theod. Let it suffice
My wardships out. If your designe concernes vs
As a man, and not a boy, with our allowance
You may deliuer it.
Pulch. A strange alteration!
But *I* will not contend. Bee, as you wish, Sir,
Your owne disposer, vncompeld I cancell
All bondes of my authority. *Kneeles.*
Theod. You in this
Pay your due homage, which perform'd, *I* thus
Embrace you as a Sister. No way doubting
Your vigilance for my safetie as my honor,
And what you now come to impart, I rest
Most confident, points at one of them?
Pulch. At both,
And not alone the present, but the future

Tranquillity of your minde: since in the choice
Of her, you are to heate with holy fires,
And make the consort of your royall bed,
The certaine meanes of glorious succession,
With the true happinesse of our humane being,
Are wholy comprehended.

Theodosius. How? a wife?
Shall *I* become a votarie to *Hymen*,
Before my youth hath sacrific'd to *Venus*?
'Tis something with the soonest, yet to shew
In things indifferent, *I* am not auerse
To your wise counsailes, let mee first suruay
Those beauties, that in being a Prince I know
Are riualls for mee. You will not confine mee
To your election, I must see deere sister,
With mine owne eyes.

Pulcheria. 'Tis fit Sir, yet in this
You may please to consider, absolute Princes
Haue, or should haue, in Policie, lesse free will
Then such as are their vassals. For, you must,
As you are an Emperour, in this high businesse
Waigh with due prouidence, with whom alliance
May bee most vsefull for the preseruation
Or your increase of Empire.

Theod. *I* approue not
Such compositions for our morall ends,
In what is in it selfe diuine, nay more
Decreed in heauen. Yet if our neighbour Princes,
Ambitious of such neerenesse, shall present
Their dearest pledges to mee (euer reseruing
The caution of mine owne content) Ile not
Contemne their courteous offers.

Pulch. Bring in the pictures. 2. *Pictures brought in.*

Theod. Must I then iudge the substances by the shadowes?
The Painters are most enuious, if they want
Good colours for preferment: virtuous Ladies
Loue this way to bee flatterd, and accuse

The workeman of detraction, if he adde not
Some grace they cannot truely call their owne.
Is't not so *Gratianus?* you may challenge
Some interest in the science.
Grat. A pretender
To the art I truely honor, and subscribe
To your maiesties opinion.
Theod. Let mee see,
Cleanthe, daughter to the King of *Epirus*,
Ætatis suæ, the fourteenth ripe enough,
And forward too, I assure you. Let me examine
The Symmetries. *If Statuaries* could
By the foote of *Hercules* set downe punctually
His whole dimensions, and the countenance be
The index of the minde, this may instruct me,
With the aydes of that I haue read touching this subiect,
What shee is inward: the colour of her haire,
If it be, as this does promise, pale, and faint,
And not a glistering white; Her brow, so so;
The circles of her sight, too much contracted;
Iuno's faire cowe eyes by old *Homer* are
Commended to their merit, heeres a sharpe frost,
In the tippe of her nose, which by the length allures mee
Of stormes at midnight, if I faile to pay her
The tribute she expects. I like her not;
What is the other.
Chrysapius. How hath hee commenc'd
Doctor in this so sweete and secret art,
Without our knowledge?
Timantus. Some of his forward pages
Haue rob'd vs of the honor.
Philanax. No such matter,
Hee has the theorie only, not the practick.
Theod. *Amasia*, Sister to the Duke of *Athens*,
Her age eighteen, descended lineally
From *Theseus*, as by her pedegree
Will be made apparent: Of his lustie kinred?

And looſe ſo much time! 'tis ſtrange! as *I* liue, ſhee hath
A Philoſophicall aſpect, there is
More wit then beauty in her face, and when
I court her, it muſt be in tropes, and figures,
Or ſhee will crie abſurd. Shee will haue her elenchs
To cut off any fallacie I can hope
To put vpon her, and expect I ſhould
Euer conclude in Syllogiſmes, and thoſe true ones
In parte & toto, or ſheele tire mee with
Her tedious Elocutions in the praiſe
Of the increaſe of generation, for which
Alone the ſport in her moralitie
Is good and lawfull, and to bee often practis'd
For feare of miſſing. Fy on't, let the race
Of *Theſeus* be match'd with *Ariſtotles*,
*I*le none of her.

Pulcher. You are curious in your choice, Sir,
And hard to pleaſe, yet if that your conſent
May giue authority to it, *I*le preſent you
With one, that if her birth, and fortunes anſwer
The rarities of her body, and her mind,
Detraction durſt not tax her.

Theod. Let me ſee her,
Though wanting thoſe additions, which we can
Supplie from our owne ſtore: it is in vs
To make men rich, and noble, but to giue
Legitimate ſhapes and virtues, does belong
To the greate creator of 'em, to whoſe bounties
Alone 'tis proper, and in this diſdaines
An Emperour for his riuall.

Pulch. *I* applaud
This fit acknowledgement, ſince Princes then
Grow leſſe then common men, when they contend
With him, by whom they are ſo.

Enter Paulinus, Cleon, Athenais *newly habited.*

Theod. *I* confeſſe it.

Not.

Pulcheria. Not to hold you in suspense, Behold the virgin
Rich in her naturall beauties, no way borrowing
Th'adulterate aydes of art. Peruse her better,
Shee is worth your serious view.
Phyl. I am amaz'd too.
I neuer saw her equall.
Gratian. How his eye
Is fix'd vpon her!
Timantus. And as shee were a fort,
He would suddainly surprize, Hee measures her
From the bases to the battlements.
Chrys. Ha! now I view her better,
I know her; 'tis the mayd that not long since
Was a petitioner; her brauerie
So alters her, I had forgot her face.
Phil. So has the Emperour.
Paulinus. Shee holdes out yet,
And yeeldes not to th'assault.
Cleon. Shee is strongly garded
In her virgin blushes.
Paulin. When you know, faire creature,
It is the Emperour that honours you
With such a strict suruay of your sweete parts,
In thankefulnesse you cannot but returne
Due reuerence for the fauour.
Athenais. I was lost
In my astonishment at the glorious obiect,
And yet rest doubtfull whether he expects,
Being more then man, my adoration,
(Since sure there is diuinity about him,)
Or will rest satisfi'd if my humble knees
In duty thus bowe to him.
Theod. Ha! it speakes.
Pulch. Shee is no statue Sir.
Theod. Suppose her one,
And that shee had nor organs, voice, nor heat,
Most willingly I would resigne my Empire

So it might be to after-times recorded
That I was her *Pigmalion*, though, like him,
I doted on my workmanship, without hope too
Of hauing *Cytherea* so propitious
To my vowes, or sacrifice, in her compassion
To giue it life or motion.

Pulch. Pray you be not rap'd so,
Nor borrow from imaginary fiction
Impossible aydes; she's flesh and blood, I assure you,
And if you please to honor her in the triall,
And be your owne security, as youle finde
I fable not, she comes in a noble way
To be at your deuotion.

Chry. 'Tis the maid
I offer'd to your highnesse, her chang'd shape
Conceal'd her from you:

Theod. At the first I knew her,
And a second firebrand Cupid brings to kindle
My flames almost put out: I am too cold,
And play with opportunity.
May I taste then
The nectar of her lip? I do not giue it
The praise it merits: antiquity is too poore
To help me with a simile to expresse her:
Let me drink often from this liuing spring,
To nourish new inuention.

Pulcheria. Do not surfet
In ouer-greedily deuouring that
Which may without satiety feast you often:
From the moderation in receiuing them,
The choysest viands do continue pleasing
To the most curious palats; if you thinke her
Worth your embraces, and the soueraigne title
Of the Græcian Empresse,

Theod. If? how much you sinne,
Only to doubt it; the possession of her
Makes all that was before most pretious to me,

Common,

Common, and cheap: in this you haue shown your selfe
A prouident Protectresse. I already
Grow weary of the absolute command
Of my so numerous subiects, and desire
No soueraignty but here, and write downe gladly,
A period to my wishes.
Pulcher. Yet before
It be too late, consider her condition,
Her father was a Pagan, she her selfe
A new conuerted Christian.
Theod. Let me know
The man to whose religious meanes I ow
So great a debt.
Paulinus. You are aduanc'd too high Sir,
To acknowledge a beholdingnes; 'tis discharg'd,
And *I*, beyond my hopes, rewarded, if
My seruice please your Maiesty.
Theod. Take this pledge
Of our assured loue. Are there none here
Haue suits to prefer? on such a day as this
My bounty's without limit. O my dearest,
I will not heare thee speak; what euer in
Thy thoughts is apprehended, *I* grant freely:
Thou would'st plead thy vnworthinesse, by thy self
The magazine of felicity, in thy lowneſſe
Our Eastern Queens at their full height bow to thee,
And are in their best trim thy foyles and shadowes.
Excuse the violence of my loue, which cannot
Admit the least delay. Command the Patriarch
With speed to do his holy office for vs,
That when we are made one.
Pulch. You must forbeare Sir,
She is not yet baptiz'd.
Theod. In the same houre
In which she is confirmed in our faith,

We mutually will giue away each other,
And both be gainers; weele heare no reply
That may diuert vs: on.
Pulch. You may hereafter
Please to remember to whose furtherance
You ow this height of happinesse.
Ath. As I was
Your creature when I first petition'd you,
I will continue so, and you shall finde me,
Though an Empresse, still your seruant.

All go off but Philanax, Gratianus, and Timantus.

Gratianus. Here's a marriage
Made vp on the suddain!
Philanax. I repine not at
The faire maids fortune, though *I* feare the Princesse
Had some peculiar end in't.
Timantus. Who's so simple
Only to doubt it?
Gratianus. It is too apparent,
She hath preferr'd a creature of her owne,
By whose meanes she may still keepe to her selfe
The gouernment of the Empire.
Tim. Where as if
The Emperor had espous'd some neighbour Queen,
Pulcheria with all her wisdome could not
Keepe her preheminence.
Philanax. Be it as it will,
'Tis not now to be alter'd, heauen *I* say
Turne all to the best.
Gratianus. Are we come to praying againe?
Phil. Leaue thy prophaneness
Gratian. Would it would leaue mee.
I am sure I thriue not by it.
Timant. Come to the Temple.
Grat. Eu'n where you will, I know not what to think on't,

The end of the second Acte.

Act. 3. Scæna 1.

Paulinus. Philanax.

Paulinus. Nor this, nor the age before vs euer look'd on
The like solemnitie.
Philan. A suddain feuer
Kep'd mee at home. Pray you my Lord acquaint me
With the particulars.
Paul. You may presume
No pompe, nor ceremony could be wanting,
Where there was Priuiledge to command, and meanes
To cherish rare inuentions.
Phil. I beleeue it;
But the summe of all in briefe.
Paulinus. Pray you so take it;
Faire *Athenais* not long since a Suitor,
And almost in her hopes forsaken, first
Was Christned, and the Emperours mothers name
Eudoxia, as hee will'd, impos'd vpon her:
Pulcheria the euer matchlesse Princesse,
Assisted by her reuerend Aunt *Maria*,
Her God-mothers.
Phil. And who the masculine witnesse?
Paul. At the new empresse suite I had the honor.
For which I must euer serue her.
Phil. 'twas a grace,
With iustice you may boaste of.
Paul. The mariage followed,
And as 'tis sayd, the Emperour made bold
To turne the day to night, for, to bed they went
Assoone as they had din'd, and there are wagers
Lay'd by some merrye Lord's, hee hath already,

Begot a boy vpon her.

Phil. That is yet
To be determin'd of; but I am certaine,
A Prince so soone in his disposition alter'd,
Was neuer heard nor reade of.

Paul. But of late,
Frugall and sparing, now nor boundes, nor limits
To his magnificent bounties. Hee affirm'd,
Hauing receiu'd more blessings by his empresse
Then hee could hope, in thankefulnesse to heauen
He cannot be to prodigall to others.
What euer s'offer'd to his royall hand
Hee signes without perusing it.

Phil. I am heere
Inioyned to free all such as lye for debt,
The creditors to bee pay'd out of his coffers.

Paul. And I all malefactors that are not
Conuicted, or for treason or fowle murther,
Such only are excepted;

Phil. 'Tis a rare clemencie!

Paul. Which wee must not dispute, but put in practise.

Exeunt.

Actus 3. Scæn. 2.

Lowd Musick. Showtes within: Heauen preserue the Emperour, Heauen blesse the Empresse. Then in State, Chrysapius, *Patriarch.* Paulinus. Theodosius. Athenais. Pulcheria. *Her two young Sisters bearing vp* Athenais *trayne. Followed, by* Philanax. Gratianus. Timantus. *Suitors, presenting petitions. The Emperour sealing them.* Pulcheria *appeares troubled.*

Paul. SIR by your owne rules of Philosophie
You know things violent last not, royall bounties

Are

Are great, and gratious while they are dispens'd
With moderation, but when their excesse
In giuing gyant-bulkes to others, take from
The Princes iust proportion, they loose
The names of vertues, and, their natures chang'd,
Grow the most dangerous vices

Theod. In this, sister,
Your wisdome is not circular; they that sowe
In narrow boundes, cannot expect in reason
A croppe beyond their ventures, what *I* doe
Dispersse, I lend, and will with vsury
Returne vnto my heape: *I* only then
Am rich, and happy, (though my coffers sound
With emptinesse) when my glad subiects feele,
Their plenty and felicitie is my gifte;
And they will finde, when they with cheerefulnesse
Supplie not my defectes, I being the stomacke
To the politick body of the State, the limbes
Grow suddainely faint, and feeble; I could vrge
Proofes of more fineneſſe in their shape and language,
But none of greater strength: dissuade mee not,
What wee will, we will doe; yet to assure you,
Your care does not offend vs, for an houre,
Bee happy in the conuerse of my best
And deerest comfort; may you please to licence
My priuacie some few minutes?

Athenais. Licence Sir,
I haue no will, but is deriu'd from yours,
And that still waites vpon you, nor can *I*
Bee left with such security with any,
As with the gratious Princesse, who receiues
Addition, though shee bee all excellence,
In being stilde your sister.

Theod. O sweete creature!
Let mee bee censur'd fond, and too indulgent,
Nay though they say vxorious, *I* care not,
Her loue, and sweete humility exact

A tribute far beyond my power, to pay
Her matchlesse goodnesse. Forward.

Exeunt, Theodosius *and the traine.*

Pulch. Now you finde
Your dying fathers prophecie that foretolde
Your present greatnesse, to the full accomplish'd.
For the poore aides, and furtherance *I* lent you,
I willingly forget.
Ath. Eu'n that bindes me
To a more strict remembrance of the fauor,
Nor shall you from my foule ingratitude,
In any circumstance euer finde cause
T'upbraid me with your benefit.
Pul. I beleeue so.
Pray you giue vs leaue: what now I must deliuer
Vnder the deepest seale of secrecy,
Though it be for you good, will giue assurance
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone
Heare, but obey my counsels.
Ath. They must be
Of a strange nature, if with zealous speed
I put 'em not in practice.
Pul. 'Twere impertinence
To dwell on circumstances, since the wound
Requires a suddain cure, especially
Since you that are the happy instrument
Elected to it, though yong in your iudgement
Write far aboue your yeeres, and may instruct
Such as are more experienc'd.
Ath. Good madam,
In this *I* must oppose you, *I* am well
Acquainted with my weaknesse, and it will not
Become your wisdome, by which *I* am raisd
To this titulary height, that should correct
The pride, and ouerweening of my fortune,

To play the parasite to it, in ascribing
That merit to me, vnto which I can
Pretend no interest; pray you excuse
My bold simplicity, and to my waight
Designe me where you please, and you shall finde
In my obedience, I am still your creature.

Pul. 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in
The building I haue raisd; go on, sweet Lady,
In this your vertuous progresse: but to the point,
You know, nor do *I* enuy it, you haue
Acquir'd that power, which, not long since, was mine,
In gouerning the Emperor, and must vse
The strength you hold in the heart of his affections,
For his priuate, as the publique preseruation,
To which there is no greater enemy,
Then his exorbitant prodigality,
How ere his sycophants, and flatterers call it:
Royall magnificence, and though you may
Vrge what's done for your honor, must not be
Curb'd, or be controul'd by you, you cannot in
Your wisdome but conceiue, if that the torrent
Of his violent bounties be not stopp'd, or lessen'd,
It will proue most pernitious. Therefore, Madam,
Since 'tis your duty, as you are his wife,
To giue him sauing counsells, and in being
Almost his idoll, may command him to
Take any shape you please, with a powerfull hand,
To stop him in his precipice to ruine.

Ath. Auert it heauen.

Pul. Heauen is most gratious to you, madam,
In chooſing you to be the instrument
Of such a pious work. You see he signes
What suit soeuer is preferr'd, not once
Inquiring what it is, yeelding himselfe
A prey to all; *I* would therefore haue you, Lady,
As *I* know you will to aduise him, or command him,
As he would reap the plenty of your fauours,

To vse more moderation in his bounties,
And that before he giues, he would consider,
The what, to whom, and wherefore.

Ath. Do yo think
Such arrogance, or vsurpation, rather,
Of what is proper, and peculiar
To euery priuate husband, and much more
To him an Emperor, can ranck with th'obedience
And duty of a wife? are we appointed
In our creation (let me reason with you)
To rule, or to obey? or 'cause he loues me
With a kinde impotence, must I tyrannize
Ouer his weakenesse? or abuse the strength
With which he armes me to his wrong? or, like
A prostituted creature, merchandize
Our mutuall delight for hire? or to
Serue mine owne sordid ends? in vulgar nuptials
Priority is exploded, though there be
A difference in the parties, and shall *I*,
His vassall from obscurity rais'd by him
To this so eminent light, presume to appoint him
To do, or not to do this, or that: when wiues
Are well accommodated by their husbands
With all things both for vse, and ornament,
Let them fix there, and neuer dare to question
Their wils or actions. For my selfe, *I* vow,
Though now my Lord would rashly giue away
His Scepter, and imperiall Diadem,
Or if there could be any thing more pretious,
I would not crosse it; but I know this is
But a triall of my temper, and as such
I do receiue it, or if't be otherwise,
You are so subtill in your arguments,
I dare not stay to heare them.

Pulcher. Is't eu'n so?
I haue power ore these yet, and command their stay,
To hearken nearer to me.

1 *Sister.* We are charg'd
By the Emperor, our brother, to attend
The Empresse seruice.
2 *Sister.* You are too mortifi'd sister,
(With reuerence *I* speak it) for yong Ladies
To keepe you company. *I* am so tir'd
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, vses,
Of your religious morality,
That for my health sake, *I* must take the freedome
To enioy a little of those pretty pleasures
That *I* was borne to.
1 *Sister.* When *I* come to your yeeres,
Ile do as you do, but till then, with your pardon,
Ile lose no more time. I haue not learn't to dance yet,
Nor sing, but holy hymnes, and those to vile tunes too;
Nor to discourse, but of Schoolemens opinions.
How shall I answer my tutors? since, *I* hope,
Ere long *I* shall haue many, without practice
To write, and speake somthing that's not deriu'd
From the fathers of Philosophy.
2 *Sister.* We shall shame
Our breeding Sister, if we should go on thus.
1 *Sister.* 'Tis for your credit, that we study
How to conuerse with men; women with women
Yeelds but a barren argument.
2 *Sister.* She frownes,
But you'll protect vs Madam?
Ath. Yes, and loue
Your sweet simplicity.
1 *Sister.* All yong gyrles are so,
Till they know the way of't.
2 *Sister.* But when we are enter'd,
We shall on a good round pace,
Ath. Ile leaue you Madam.
1 *Sister.* And we our duties with you.

Exeunt Athenais and the yong Ladyes.

Pul. On all hands
Thus slighted? no way left? am *I* growne stupid
In my inuention? can *I* make no vse
Of the Emperors bounties? now 'tis thought: within there.
Seruant. Madam. *Enter a Seruant.*
Pul. It shall be so; neerer; your eare
Draw a petition to this end.
Seru. Besides
The danger to prefer it, *I* beleeue
*T*will nere be granted.
Pul. How's this? are you growne,
From a seruant, my director? let me heare
No more of this. Dispatch, *Ile* master him
At his owne weapon. *Exit Seruant.*

Enter Theodosius, Fauorinus, Philanax, Timantus, Gratianus.

Theod. Let me vnderstand it,
If yet there be ought wanting that may perfect
A generall happinesse.
*Fauor. T*he peoples ioy
In seas of acclamations flow in
To wait on yours.
Philanax. Their loue with bounty leuied,
Is a sure guard, Obedience forc'd from feare,
Paper fortification, which in danger
Will yeeld to the impression of a reed,
Or of it selfe fall off.
Theod. True, *Philanax:*
And by that certain compasse we resolue
To steere our Barque of gouernment.

Enter Seruant with the petition.

Pul. 'Tis well.
The. My deerest, and my all-deseruing Sister,

As

As a petitioner kneele? it must not bee,
Pray you, rise, although your suite were halfe my Empire,
'Tis freely granted.

Pulch. Your alacritie
To giue hath made a begger; yet before
My suite is by your sacred hand and seale
Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse
The summe of my request.

Theod. Wee will not wrong
Your iudgement, in conceiuing what 'tis fit
For you to aske, and vs to grant, so much,
As to proceede with caution, giue mee my signet,
With confidence *I* signe it, and heere vow
By my fathers soule, but with your free consent
It is irreuocable.

Timantus. What if shee now
Calling to memorie, how often wee
Haue cross'd her gouernment, in reuenge hath made
Petition for our heads?

Gratianus. They must euen off then,
No ransone can redeeme vs.

Theod. Let those iewells
So highly rated by the Persian merchants
Bee bought, and as a sacrifice from vs
Presented to *Eudoxa*. Shee being only
Worthy to weare 'em, I am angrie with
The vnresistable necessitie
Of my occasions, and important cares
That so long keepe mee from her.

Exeunt Theodosius *and the traynes*

Pulcher. Goe to the Empresse,
And tell her on the suddaine, *I* am sicke,
And doe desire, the comfort of a visit,
If shee please to vouchsafe it. From me vse
Your humblest language: But when once I haue her

In my poſſeſſion, *I* will riſe, and ſpeake
In a higher ſtraine, ſay it raiſe ſtormes, no matter.
Fooles iudge by the euent, my endes are honeſt. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scæne 3.

Theodoſius. Timantus, Philanax.

Theod. WHat is become of her? can ſhee that carries
Such glorious excellence, of light about her,
Be any where conceal'd?
Philanax. Wee haue ſought her lodgings,
And all we can learne from the ſeruants is,
Shee by your maieſties ſiſters wayted on,
(The attendance of her other officers
By her expreſſe command deni'd,)
Theod. Forbeare
Impertinent circumſtances, whither went ſhee? ſpeake.
Phil. As they gheſſe, to the lawrell groue.
Theod. So ſlightly garded!
What an earth-quake *I* feele in mee! and but that
Religion aſſures the contrarie,
The Poets dreames of luſtfull Fawnes, and Satyres,
Would make me feare, I know not what.

Enter Paulinus.

Paul. I haue found her,
And it pleaſe your Maieſtie.
Theod. Yes, it doth pleaſe mee:
But why return'd without her?
Paul. As ſhee made
Her ſpeedieſt approches to your preſence,
A ſeruant of the Princeſſes *Pulcheria*
Encounterd her; what 'twas, he whiſperd to her

I am

I am ignorant, but hearing it, she started,
And will'd me to excuse her absence from you,
The third part of an houre.
The. In this she takes
So much of my life from me; yet He beare it
With what patience *I* may; since 'tis her pleasure,
Go back, my good *Paulinus*, and intreat her;
Not to exceed a minute.
Timant. Here's strange fondnesse! *Exeunt*

Act. 3. Scæne 4.

Pulcheria. Seruants.

Pul. You are certaine she will come?
Ser. She is already
Enter'd your outward lodgings.
Pul. No traine with her?
Ser. Your excellence sisters only.
Pulch. 'Tis the better;
See the doores strongly guarded, and deny
Accesse to all, but with our speciall licence.
Why dost thou stay? shew your obedience,
Your wisdome now is vseless. *Exeunt Seruants.*

Enter Athenais, Arcadia, Flaccilla.

Flac. She is sick sure,
Or, in fit reuerence to your Maiesty,
She had waited you at the doore.
Ar. 'Twould hardly be *Pulcheria walking by.*
Excus'd, in ciuill manners, to her equall,
But with more difficulty to you, that are
So far aboue her.
Ath. Not in her opinion;

She hath beene too long accuſtom'd to command
T'acknowledge a ſuperior.
Ar. There ſhe walks.
Fla. If ſhe be not ſick of the ſullens, I ſee not
The leaſt infirmity in her.
Ath. This is ſtrange!
Ar. Open your eyes; the Empreſſe.
Pul. Reach that chaire:
Now ſitting thus at diſtance, Ile vouchſafe
To looke vpon her.
Ar. How! ſiſter: pray you awake,
Are you in your wits?
Fla. Grant heauen, your too much learning
Does not conclude in madneſſe.
Ath. You intreated
A viſit from me.
Pul. True, my ſeruant vs'd
Such language, but now as a miſtreſſe *I*
Command your ſeruice.
Ath. Seruice!
Ar. She's ſtark mad, ſure.
Pul. Youle finde *I* can diſpoſe of what's mine owne
Without a guardian.
Ath. Follow me. *I* will ſee you
When your frantique fit is ore. I do begin
To be of your beleefe.
Pulch. It will deceiue you.
Thou ſhalt not ſtr from hence, thus as mine owne
I ſeize vpon thee.
Flac. Help, help, violence
Offer'd to the Empreſſe perſon.
Pulch. 'Tis in vaine:
Shee was an Empreſſe once, but, by my gift,
Which, being abuſ'd, I do recall my grant.
You are read in ſtory; call to remembrance,
What the great *Hectors* mother *Hecuba*
Was to *Vlyſſes*, *Ilium* ſack'd:

Ath. A slaue.
Pulch. To me thou art so:
Ath. Wonder and amazement
Quite ouerwhelme me: how am I trasisform'd?
How haue *I* lost my liberty?

Knocking without: Enter Seruant.

Pulcheria. Thou shall know
Too soone, no doubt. Who's that with such rudenesse
Beats at the doore?
Ser. The Prince *Paulinus*, madam,
Sent from the Emperor to attend vpon
The gratious Empresse.
Ar. And who is your slaue now?
Fla. Sister, repent in time, and beg pardon
For your presumption.
Pulch. It is resolu'd:
From me returne this answer to *Paulinus*;
She shall not come; she's mine; the Emperor hath
No interest in her. *Exit Seruant.*
Ath. Whatsoere *I* am,
You take not from your power ore me, to yeeld
A reason for this vsage.
Pulch. Though my will is
Sufficient to ad to thy affliction,
Know wretched thing, 'tis not thy fate, but folly
Hath made thee what thou art: 'tis some delight
To vrge my merits to one so vngratefull;
Therefore with horror heare it. When thou wert
Thrust as a stranger from thy fathers house,
Expos'd to all calamities that want
Could throw vpon thee, thine owne brothers scorne,
And in thy hopes, as by the world forsaken,
My pity, the last altar that was left thee,
I heard thy Syren charmes, with feeling heard them,
And my compassion made mine eyes vy teares

With thine, dissembling Crocodile; and when Queenes
Were emulous for thy imperiall bed,
The garments of thy sorrowes cast aside,
I put thee in a shape as would haue forc'd
Enuy from *Cleopatra*, had she seene thee;
Then, when *I* knew my brothers blood was warm'd
With youthfull fires, I brought thee to his presence,
And how my deepe designes, for thy good plotted,
Succeeded to my wishes, is apparant,
And needs no repetition.

Ath. I am conscious
Of your so many, and vnequall'd fauors,
But finde not how I may accuse my selfe
For any facts committed, that with iustice,
Can raise your anger to this height against me.

Pul. Pride and forgetfulnesse would not let thee see that,
Against which now thou canst not close thine eyes.
What iniury could be equall to thy late
Contempt of my good counsell, when I vrg'd
The Emperors prodigall bounties, and intreated
That you would vse your power to giue 'em limits,
Or, at the least, a due consideration
Of such as (u'd, and for what, ere he sign'd it?
In opposition you brought against me
Th'obedience of a wife, that Ladyes were not,
Being well accommodated by their Lords,
To question, but much lesse to crosse their pleasures;
Nor would you, though the *Emperor* were resolu'd
To giue away his Scepter, hinder it,
Since 'twas done for your honor, couering with
False colors of humility your ambition.

Ath. And is this my offence?

Pul. As wicked counsell
Is still most hurtfull vnto those that giue it;
Such as deny to follow what is good,
In reason, are the first that must repent it.
When I please you shall heare more, in the meane time

Thank

Thank your owne wilfull follie that hath chang'd you
From an Empresse to a bondewoman.
Theod. Force the doores,
Kill those that dare resist.

Enter Theodosius. Paulinus. Philanax. Chrysapius. Gratianus.

Ath. Deere Sir redeeme mee.
Flaccilla. O suffer not, for your owne honors sake,
The Empresse you so late lou'd to bee made
A prisoner in the court.
Arcad. Leape to his lippes,
You 'll finde them the best sanctuarie.
Flaccilla. And trie then,
What interest my reuerend Sister hath
To force you from 'em.
Theod. What strange may-game 's this?
Though done in sport, how ill this leuitie
Becomes your wisdome?
Pulch. I am serious Sir,
And haue done nothing but what you in honor,
And as you are your selfe an Emperour,
Stand bound to iustifie.
Theod. Take heed, put not these
Strange trialls on my patience.
Pulcher. Doe not you Sir,
Denie your owne act; as you are a man,
And stand on your owne bottomes, 'twill appeare
A childish weakenes to make void a grant,
Sign'd by your sacred hand, and seale, and strengthend
With a religious oth, but with my licence,
Neuer to be recall'd. For some few minutes,
Let reason rule your passion, and in this, *deliuers the deed.*
Bee pleas'd to reade my interest; you will finde there
What you in me call violence, is iustice,
And that I may make vse of what 's mine owne,

Accor-

According to my will. 'tis your owne gift Sir,
And what an Emperour giues, should stand as firme
As the celestiall poles vpon the shoulders
Of *Atlas*, or his successor in that office
The greate *Alcides*.

Theod. Miseries of more waight,
Then 'tis faind they supported, fall vpon mee,
What hath my rashnesse done? in this transaction
Drawne, in expresse and formall termes I haue
Giuen and consign'd into your handes, to vse
And obserue, as you please, my deere *Eudoxa*.
It is my deed, I doe confesse it is,
And as I am my selfe, not to bee canceli'd:
But yet you may shew mercie, and you will,
When you consider that there is no beauty,
So perfit in a creature, but is soilde
With some vnbeseeming blemish; you haue labour'd
To build mee vp a compleate Prince, 'tis granted,
Yet as I am a man, like other Monarchs,
I haue defects and frayleties, my facilitie,
To send petitioners with pleas'd lookes from me,
Is all I can be charg'd with, and it will
Become your wisdome, (since 'tis in your power)
In charitie to prouide, I fall no further
Or in my oth, or honor.

Pul. Royall Sir,
This was the marke I aim'd at, and I glorie
At the length, you so conceaue it. 'twas a weakenes
To measure by your owne integritie
The purposes of others. I haue shownе you
In a true mirror what fruite growes vpon
The tree of hudwinckt bounty, and what dangers
Precipitation in the managing
Your greate affaires produceth.

Theod. I embrace it
As a graue aduertisement, and vow hereafter
Neuer to signe petitions at this rate.

Pul.

Pulch. For mine, see Sir, 'tis cancel'd, on my knees
I redeliuer what I now beg'd from you. *Teares the deed.*
Shee is my second gift.
Theod. Which if I part from
Till death diuorce vs. *Kissing* Athen.
Athenais. So Sir,
Theod. Nay sweete chide not
I am punish'd in thy lookes, defer the rest,
Till we are more priuate.
Pulch. I aske pardon too
If in my personated passion I
Appeard to harshe, and rough.
Ath. 'Twas gentle language, what I was then considerd
Pulch. O deere Madame,
It was *decorum* in the *Scene:*
Athen. This triall,
When I was *Athenais*, might haue pass'd,
But as I am the Empresse.
Theod. Nay no anger,
Since all good was intended.

Exeunt. Theodosius. Athenais. Arcadia. Flaccilla.

Pulcheria. Building on,
That certaine base, I feare not what can follow, *Exit* Pulch.
Paulinus. These are strange deuices *Philanax.*
Philan. True my Lord,
May all turne to the best.
Grat. The Emperours lookes
Promis'd a calme.
Chrysapius. But the vex'd Empresse frownes
Presag'd a second storme.
Paul. I am sure I feele one,
In my legge already.
Philan. Your old friend, the goute?
Paul. My forc'd companion, *Philanax.*
Chrys. To your rest.

Paul. Rest and forbearing wine, with a temperate dyet,
Though many Montebancks pretend the cure of't,
I haue found my best Physitians,
Phil. Ease to your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

The ende of the third Act.

Actus 4. Scæn. 1.

Athenais. Chrysapius.

Ath. MAke mee her propertie?
Chrys. Your maiestie
Hath iust cause of distast, and your resentment
Of the affront in the point of honor cannot
But meete a faire construction.
Ath. I haue only
The title of an Empresse, but the power
Is, by her, rauish'd from me. shee suruayes
My actions as a gouernesse, and calls
My not obseruing all that shee directs
Folly, and disobedience.
Chrys. Vnder correction,
With griefe I haue long obseru'd it, and if you
Stand pleas'd to signe my warrant Ile deliuer
In my vnfainde zeale, and desire to serue you,
(Howere I run the hazard of my head for't
Should it arriue at the knowledge of the Princesse,)
Not alone, the reasons why things are thus carried,
But giue into your hands the power to clippe
The wings of her command.
Ath. Your seruice this way
Cannot offend mee.
Chrys. Bee you pleas'd to know then
But still with pardon, if I am too bold,

Your too much ſufferance impes the broken feathers
Which carie her to this proude height, in which
Shee with ſecuritie, ſoares, and ſtill towres ore you,
But if you would imploy the ſtrengths you hold
In the Emperours affections, and remember
The orbe you moue in ſhould admit no ſtar els,
You neuer would confeſſe the managing
Of ſtate affaires to her alone are proper,
And you ſit by a looker on,

Athenais. I would not,
If it were poſſible I could attempt,
Her diminution, without a taint
Of foule ingratitude in my ſelfe.

Chryſapius. *In* this
The ſweeteneſſe of your temper does abuſe you,
And you call that a benefit to your ſelfe
Which ſhee for her owne endes conferr'd vpon you.
'Tis yeelded ſhee gaue way to your aduancement:
But for what cauſe? that ſhee might ſtill continue
Her abſolute ſway, and ſwing ore the whole ſtate,
And that ſhee might to her admirers vaunt,
The Empreſſe was her creature, and the giuer
To bee preferr'd before the gift.

Athenais. *It* may bee.

Chryſ. Nay 'tis moſt certaine: whereas would you pleaſe
In a true glaſſe to looke vpon your ſelfe,
And view without detraction your owne merits
Which all men wonder at; you would find that fate,
Without a ſecond cauſe, appointed you
To the ſupremeſt honor. For the Princeſſe,
Shee hath raign'd long enough, and her remoue
Will make your entrance free to the poſſeſſion
Of what you were borne to, & but once reſolue
To build vpon her ruines, leaue the engines
That muſt bee vs'd to vndermine her greatenes
To my prouiſion.

Ath. I thanke your care,

But a designe of such waight must not be
Rashly determin'd of, it will exact
A long and serious consultation from mee.
In the meane time *Chrysapius* rest assur'd
I liue your thankefull Mistrisse. *Exit* Athi.
Chrys. *Is* this all?
Will the Physick that *I* minister'd worke no further?
I haue playd the foole, and leauing a calme port
Embarqu'd my selfe on a rough sea of danger.
In her silence lies my safetie, which how can *I*
Hope from a woman? but the die is throwne,
And I must stand the hazard.

Enter Theodosius. Philanax. Timantus. Gratianus. Huntsmen.

Theod. Is *Paulinus*
So tortur'd with his gowte?
Phil. Most miserable,
And it ads much to his affliction, that
The payne denies him power to waite vpon
Your Maiestie.
Theod. I pittie him: hee is
A wondrous honest man, and what he suffers,
I know will grieue my Empresse.
Tim. Hee indeed is
Much bound to her gratious fauour.
Theod. Hee deserues it,
Shee cannot finde a subiect vpon whom
Shee better may confer it: is the flagge
Safe lodg'd?
Gratian. Yes Sir, and the hounds and huntsmen ready.
Philan. Hee will make you royall sport. Hee is a deere
Of ten at the least.

Enter Countrieman *with the apple.*

Gratianus. Whither will this clowne?

Tim.

Timant. Stand backe.

Countrym. I would zee the Emperour, why should you Courtiers
Scorne a poore Countryman? wee zweat at the Plough
To vill your mouths, you and you curs might starue els.
Wee prune the orchards, and you cranch the fruite;
Yet still you are snarling at vs.

Theod. What's the matter?

Count. I would looke on thy sweete face.

Timantus. Vnmannerly swaine.

Count. Zwaine, though I am a zwaine, I haue a heart yet,
As ready to doe seruice for my leege,
As any Princox Peacock of you all.
Zookers had I one of you zingle with this twigge,
I would so veeze you.

Timant, Will your Maiestie
Heare his rude language?

Theod. Yes, and hold it as
An ornament, not a blendish. O *Timantus!*
Since that drad power by whom we are, disdaines not
With an open eare to heare petitions from vs,
Easie accesse in vs his deputies,
To the meanest of our subiects, is a debt,
Which we stand bound to pay.

Count. By my granams ghost
'Tis a holsome zaying, our vicar could not mend it
In the pulpit on a Zunday.

Theod. What 's they suite friend?

Count. Zute? I would laugh at that. Let the court begge from thee.
What the poore countrie giues: I bring a present
To thy good grace, which I can call mine owne,
And looke not like these gay folke for a returne,
Of what they venture. Haue I giuen you? ha,

Chrys. A perillous knaue.

Count. Zee heere a dainty Apple, *Presents the Apple.*
Of mine owne graffing, zweete, and zownde I assure thee.

Theod. It is the faireſt fruite I euer ſaw.
Thoſe golden apples in the *Heſperian* orchardes
So ſtrangely guarded by the watchfull Dragon,
As they requir'd greate *Hercules* to get 'em,
Nor thoſe with which *Hippomenes* deceiu'd,
Swift footed *Atalanta*, when *I* looke
On this, deſerue no wonder. You behold
The pooreman, and his preſent with contempt
I to their value prize both; he that could
So ayde weake nature, by his care, and labour,
As to compell a crabtree ſtocke to beare
A pretious fruite of this large ſize, and beauty,
Would by his induſtrie change a pettie village
Into a populous Citty, and from that
Erecte a flouriſhing Kingdome. Giue the fellow
For an encouragement to his future labours,
Ten Attick talents.

Countrym. *I* will wearie heauen
With my prayers for your Maieſtie. *Exit Count.*

Theod. *Philanax*,
From mee preſent this raritie to the rareſt
And beſt of women, when *I* think vpon
The boundleſſe happineſſe that from her flow to me
In my imagination *I* am rap'd
Beyond my ſelfe; but *I* forget our hunting,
To the forreſt for the exerciſe of my body,
But for my mind, 'tis wholly taken vp,
In the contemplation of her matchleſſe vertues. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scæna 2.

Athenais. Pulcheria. Arcadia. Flaccilla.

Ath. YOV ſhall know ther's a difference betweene vs.
Pulch. There was *I* am certain not long ſince, when you

Kneeld

Kneel'd a petitioner to me, then you were happy
To bee neere my feete, and doe you hold it now
As a disparagement that I side you Lady.
Ath. Since you respect mee only as I was,
What *I* am shall be remembred.
Pul. Does the meanes,
I practis'd to giue good, and sauing counsail's
To the Emperour, and your new stamp'd maiestie
Still sticke in your stomach?
Ath. 'Tis not yet digested,
*I*n troth it is not, why good gouernesse,
Though you are held for a grand Madam, and your selfe,
The first that ouerprize it, *I* nere tooke
Your words for *Delphian* oracles, nor your actions
For such wonders as you make 'em, there is one
When shee shall see her time, as fit and able
To be made partner of the Emperours cares,
As your wise selfe, and may with iustice challenge
A neerer interest. You haue done your visit,
So when you please, you may leaue me.
Pul. *I*le not bandye
Words with your mightinesse, prow'd one, only this,
You carrie to much saile for your small barke,
And that when you least think vpon't may sincke you. *Exit*
Flacc. *I* am glad shee is gone. *Pulch.*
Arcadia. *I* feard shee would haue read
A tedious lecture to vs. *Enter* Phil. *with the apple.*
Philanax. From the Emperour,
This rare fruite to the rarest.
Ath. How my Lord?
Philanax. *I* vse his language Madame, and that trust,
Which hee impos'd on mee, discharg'd, his pleasure
Commands my present seruice. *Exit* Philan.
Ath. Haue you seene
So faire an Apple?
Flacc. Neuer.

Arcad.

Arcad. If the taſte
Anſwer the beauty.
Ath. Prettily beg'd, you ſhould haue it,
But that you eate too much cold fruite, and that
Changes the freſh red in your cheekes to paleneſſe.

Enter Seruant.

I haue other danities for you; you come from
Paulinus, how is't with that truely noble,
And honeſt Lord? my witneſſe at the fount;
In a word the man to whoſe bleſs'd charity
I owe my greateneſſe. How is't with him?
Seruant. Spiritely,
In his minde, but by the raging of his goute
In his body much diſtemper'd, that you pleas'd
To inquire his health, tooke off much from his paine;
His glad lookes did confirme it.
Ath. Doe his Doctors
Giue him no hope?
Seru. Little, they rather feare,
By his continuall burning, that hee ſtands
In danger of a feuer.
Ath. To him againe,
And tell him that I heartely wiſh it lay
In mee to eaſe him, and from me deliuer
This choice fruite to him, you may ſay to that,
I hope it will proue Phyſicall.
Seru. The good Lord
Will be oreioyde with the fauour.
Ath. Hee deſeru's more, *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scæna 3.

Paulinus *brought in a chaire.* Chirurgion.

Chirurg. I Haue done as much as art can doe, to ſtoppe
The violent courſe of your fit, and *I* hope you
feele it,
How does your honor?
Paul. At ſome eaſe, *I* thanke you,
I would you could aſſure continuance of it,
For the moyetie of my fortune.
Chir. If *I* could cure
The gout my Lord, without the Philoſophers ſtone
I ſhould ſoone purchaſe, it being a diſeaſe,
In poore men very rare, and in the rich
The cure impoſſible, your many bounties;
Bid mee prepare you for a certaine truth,
And to flatter you were diſhoneſt.
Paul. Your plaine dealing
Deſerues a fee. Would there were many more ſuch
Of your profeſſion. Happy are pooremen,
If ſicke with the exceſſe of heate or cold,
Caus'd by neceſſitous labour, not looſe ſurfets
They, when ſpare dyet, or kind nature faile,
To perfit their recouery, ſoone arriue at
Their reſt in death, but on the contrarie
The greate, and noble are expos'd as preyes
To the rapine of Phyſitians, and they
In lingring out what is remedileſſe,
Aime at their profit, not the patients health;
A thouſand trialls and experiments
Haue bene put vpon mee, and I forc'd to pay deere
For my vexation, but *I* am reſolu'd,
(*I* thanke your honeſt freedome) to be made

A propertie no more for knaues to worke on.
What haue you there?

Enter Cleon *with a parchement role.*

Cleon. The triumphes of an artſman
O're all infirmities, made authenticall
With the names of Princes, Kings and Emperours
That were his patients.
Paul. Some Empericke.
Cleon. It may be ſo, but he ſweares within three dayes
He will grub vp your goute by the rootes, and make you able
To march ten leagues a day in compleate armor,
*Paul. I*mpoſſible,
Cleon. Or if you like not him
Chirurg. Heare him, my Lord, for your mirth; I will take order,
They ſhall not wrong you.
Paul. Vſher in your monſter.
Cleon. He is at hand, march vp: now ſpeak for your ſelf?

Enter Emperick.

Emper. I come not (right honorable) to your preſence, with any baſe and ſordid end of reward; the immortality of my fame is the white *I* ſhoote at, the charge of my moſt curious, and coſtly ingredients fraide, amounting to ſome ſeaventeene thouſand crownes, a trifle in reſpect of health, writing your noble name in my Catalogue, I ſhall acknowledge my ſelfe amply ſatisfi'd.
Chir. I beleeue ſo.
Emper. For your owne ſake I moſt heartily wiſh, that you had now all the diſeaſes, maladies and infirmities vpon you, that were euer remembred by old *Galen, Hippocrates*, or the later, and more admired *Paracelſus*.
Paul. For your good wiſh, I thanke you.

Em-

Emper. Take mee with you, *I* beseech your good Lordship, *I* vrg'd it that your ioy in being certainely and suddainly freed from them, may be the greater, and my not to bee paralleld skill the more remarkable : the cure of the goute a toy, without boast bee it said, my cradle practise, the camer, the Fistula, the Dropsie, consumption of Lunges, and Kidnyes, hurts in the braine, heart, or liuer, are things worthy my opposition, but in the recouerie of my patients *I* euer ouercome them, but to your goute,

Paul. I marry Sir, that cur'd I shall be apter
To giue credit to the rest

Emp. Suppose it done Sir,

Chir. And the meanes, you vse I beseech you.

Emper. I will doe it in the plainest language, and discouer my ingredients. First my *boteni Terebinthina*, of *Cypris*, my Manna, *ros cœlo*, coagulated with *vetulos ouorum*, vulgarly yelkes of Egges, with a little Cyath, or quantitie of my potable Elixir, with some few scruples of sassa-fras and Guacum, so taken euery morning and euening, in the space of three dayes, purgeth, clenseth, and dissipateth the inward causes of the virulent tumor.

Paul. Why doe you smile?

Chir. When hee hath done *I* will resolue you.

Emper. For my exterior applications I haue these balsumunguentulums extracted from hearbes plants, rootes, seeds, gummes, and a million of other vegetables, the principall of which are Vlissipona, or Serpentaria, Sophia, or Herba consolidarum, Parthenium or commanilla Romana, Mumia transmarina, mixed with my plumbum Philosopherum, and mater metallorum, *cum ossa paraleli, est vniuersale medicamentum in podagra.*

Cleon. A coniuring balsamum,

Emp. This applied warme vpon the pained place, with a fether of Struthio cameli, or a bird of Paradise, which is euery where to bee had, shall expulse this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant dolor.

Chir. An excellent receipt, but does your Lordship

Know what it is good for?

Paul. I would be instructed,

Chir. For the gonorrhea, or if you will heare it
In a plainer phrase, the pox.

Emper. If it cure his Lordship
Of that by the way, I hope Sir 'tis the better;
My medicine serues for all things, and the pox Sir,
Though falsely nam'd the Sciatica, or goute,
Is the more Catholick sickenesse.

Paul. Hence with the rascall.
Yet hurt him not, he makes mee smile, and that
Frees him from punishment. *They thrust off the Emper.*

Chir. Such slaues as this
Render our art contemptible,

Enter Seruant

Seru. My good Lord,

Paul. So soone return'd?

Seru. And with this present from
Your greate, and gratious Mistrisse, with her wishes
It may proue Physicall to you.

Paul. In my heart
I kneele, and thanke her bounty. deere friend *Cleon*
Giue him the cupboorde of Plate in the next roome,
For a reward.

Exeunt Cleon *and the* Seruant.

Most glorious fruite, but made
More pretious by her grace, and loue that sent it,
To touch it only comming from her hand
Makes mee forget all paine. A Diamond
Of this large size, though it would buy a Kingdome,
Hew'd from the rocke, and lay'd downe at my feete,
Nay though a Monarchs gift, will hold no value,
Compar'd with this, and yet ere *I* presume
To tast it, though sans question it is

Some

Some heauenly restoratiue, I in duty
Stand bound to waigh my owne vnworthinesse:
Ambrosia is foode only for the Gods;
And not by humane lips to be prophan'd:
I may adore it as some holy Relick,
Deriu'de from thence, but impious to keepe it,
In my possession; the Emperour only,
Is worthy to inioy it. goe good *Cleon*, *Enter* Cleon.
(And cease this admiration at this obiect;)
From mee present this to my royall master,
I know it will amaze him, and excuse me
That *I* am not my selfe the bearer of it.
That *I* should bee lame now, when with wings of duty
I should flye to the seruice of this Empresse,
Nay no delayes good *Cleon*.

Cleon. I am gone Sir. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scæne 4.

Theodosius. Chrysapius. Timantus. Gratianus.

Chrys. ARE you not tir'd Sir?
Theod. Tir'd? I must not say so
Howeuer, though I rode hard; to a huntsman,
His toyle is his delight, and to complaine
Of wearinesse, would shew as poorely in him,
As if a Generall should greiue for a wound,
Receau'd vpon his forhead, or his brest,
After a glorious victorie, lay by
These accoutrements for the chase. *Enter* Pulch.

Pulch. You are well return'd Sir,
From your Princely exercise.

Theod. Sister, to you
I owe the freedome, and the vse of all
The pleasures I enioy; your care prouides

For my ſecurity, and the burthen which
I ſhould alone ſuſtaine, you vndergoe,
And by your painefull watchings, yeeld my ſleepes
Both ſound, and ſure. How happie am *I* in
Your knowledge of the art of gouernement!
And credit mee, *I* glorie to behold you
Diſpoſe of great deſignes, as if you were
A partner, and no ſubiect of my Empire.

Pulch. My vigilance, ſince it hath well ſucceeded,
I am confident, you allow of, yet it is not
Approu'd by all.

Theod. Who dares repine at that,
Which hath our ſuffrage?

Pulch. One that too well knowes,
The ſtrength of her abilities can better
My weake endeuours.

Theod. In this you reflect
Vpon my Empreſſe?

Pul. True, for as ſhee is
The conſort of your bed, 'tis fit ſhee ſhare in
Your cares, and abſolute power.

Theod. You touch a ſtring
That ſowndes but harſhely to mee, and I muſt
In a brothers loue aduiſe you that heereafter
You would forbeare to moue it. Since ſhee is
In her pure ſelfe a harmonie of ſuch ſweeteneſſe,
Compos'd of dutie, chaſte deſires, her beautie
(Though it might tempt a Hermit from his beades)
The leaſt of her endowments. I am ſorrie
Her holding the firſt place, ſince that the ſecond
Is proper to your ſelfe, calls on your enuie.
Shee erre? it is impoſſible in a thought,
And much more ſpeake, or doe what may offend mee.
In other things, *I* would beleeue you ſiſter:
But though the tongues of Saints, and Angells tax'd her
Of any imperfection, I ſhould be
*In*credulous.

Pul.

Pulcheria. Shee is yet a woman Sir.

Theod. The abstract of what 's excellent in the sex:
But to their mulcts, and frayleties a meere stranger;
Ile dye in this beleefe. *Enter* Cleon *with the apple.*

Cleon. Your humbleft seruant,
The Lord *Paulinus*, as a witnesse of
His zeale, and dutie to your Maiestie,
Presents you with this iewell.

Theod. Ha!

Cleon. It is
Preferr'd by him.

Theod. Aboue his honor?

Cleon. No Sir,
I would haue said his patrimonie,

Theod. 'Tis the same.

Cleon. And he intreates, since lameneſſe may excuſe
His not presenting it himselfe, from mee
(Though far vnworthy to supplie his place)
You would vouchsafe to accept it.

Theod. Farther off,
You haue told your tale. Stay you for a reward?
Take that. *Strikes him.*

Pulch. How 's this?

Chryſ. I neuer saw him mou'd thus.

Theo. Wee must not part so Sir, a guarde vpon him. *Enter Garde.*

Theod. May I not vent my sorrowes in the aire,
Without discouerie? forbeare the roome, *they all goe a ſide.*
Yet be within call, what an earth-quake I feele in mee?
And on the suddaine my whole fabrick totters.
My blood within mee turnes, and through my vaines
Parting with naturall redneſſe I discerne it,
Chang'd to a fatall yellow: what an army
Of hellish furies in the horrid shapes
Of doubts, and feares, charge on mee! rise to my rescue,
Thou stout maintainer of a chaſte wifes honor,
The confidence of her vertue, bee not shaken
With the wind of vaine surmiſes, much lesse suffer

The diuell iealousie to whisper to mee
My curious obseruation of that
I must no more remember. Will it not bee?
Thou vninuited ghest, ill mannerd monster,
I charge thee leaue mee, wilt thou force mee to
Giue fuell to that fire I would put out?
The goodnesse of my memorie proues my mischiefe,
And I would sell my Empire, could it purchase
The dull art of forgetfulnesse. Who waites there?
Timantus. Most sacred Sir.
Theod. Sacred, as 'tis accurs'd
Is proper to mee. Sirra, vpon your life,
Without a word concerning this, command *Exit* Tim.
Eudoxia to come to mee; would *I* had
Nere knowne her by that name, my mothers name,
Or that for her owne sake shee had continued
Poore *Athenais* still. ---- No intermission?
Wilt thou so soone torment mee? must *I* reade
Writ in the table of my memorie,
To warrant my suspition, how *Paulinus*
(Though euer thought a man auerse to women)
First gaue her entertainement? made her way
For audience to my sister; then I did
My selfe obserue how hee was rauish'd with
The gratious deliuerie of her storie,
(Which was I grant the bait that first took me too)
Shee was his conuert, what the rethorick was
Hee vs'd I know not, and since shee was mine,
In priuate, as in publick, what a masse
Of grace and fauours hath shee heap'd vpon him!
And but to day this fatall fruite, Shee's come.

Enter Timantus. Athenais. Flaccilla. Arcadia.

Can shee bee guiltie?
Ath. You seeme troubl'd Sir,
My innocence makes mee bold to aske the cause

That

That *I* may ease you of it, no salute
After foure long houres absence?
Theod. Prethee forgiue mee. *Kisses her.*
Mee thanks I finde *Paulinus* on her lips,
And the fresh *Nectar* that *I* drew from thence
Is on the suddaine pal'd, how haue you spent
Your hours since I last saw you?
Ath. In the conuerse,
Of your sweete sisters.
Theod. Did not *Philanax*
From mee deliuer you an apple?
Ath. Yes Sir;
Heauen! how you frowne! pray you talke of something els,
Thinke not of such a trifle.
Theod. How! a trifle?
Does any toy from mee presented to you,
Deserue to be so sleighted? doe you valewe
What's sent, and not the sender? from a peasant
It had deseru'd your thanks.
Ath. And meetes from you Sir
All possible respect.
Theod. I priz'd it Lady
At a higher rate then you beleeue, and would not
Haue parted with it, but to one I did
Prefer before my selfe.
Ath. It was indeed
The fairest that I euer saw.
Theod. It was?
And it had vertues in it, my *Eudoxia*
Not visible to the eye.
Ath. It may be so Sir,
Theod. What did you with it, tell mee punctually;
I looke for a strict accompt.
Ath. What shall I answer?
Theod. Doe you stagger? ha?
Ath. No Sir, I haue eaten it.
It had the pleasantest tast, I wonder that

You found it not in my breath.
Theod. I faith *I* did not,
And it was wondrous strange.
Ath. Pray you try againe.
Theo. *I* find no scent of't heere. You play with me
You haue it still.
Ath. By your sacred life, and fortune,
An oth *I* dare not breake, I haue eaten it.
Theod. Doe you know how this oth binds?
Ath. Too well, to breake it.
Theod. That euer man to please his brutish sense
Should slaue his vnderstanding to his passions,
And taken with soone fading white and red
Deliuer vp his credulous eares to heare
The magick of a Siren, and from these
Beleeue there euer was, is, or can bee
More then a seeming honestie in bad woman.
Ath. This is strange language Sir.
Theod. Who waites? come all.
Nay sister not so neere, being of the sex,
I feare you are infected to.
Pulch. What meane you?
Theod. To show you a miracle, a prodigie
Which Affrick neuer: equall'd can you think
This master peece of heauen, this pretious vellam,
Of such a puritie, and virgin whitenesse,
Could be design'd to haue periurie, and whoredome
In capitall letters writ vpon't?
Pulch. Deere Sir,
Theod. Nay adde to this an impudence beyond
All prostituted boldnesse. Art not dead yet?
Will not the tempests in thy conscience rende thee
As small as *Atomes*? that there may no signe
Be left, thou euer wert so! wilt thou liue
Till thou art blasted with the dreadfull lightning
Of pregnant, and vnanswerable proofes,
Of thy adulterous twines? dye yet that I

With my honor may conceale it.

Ath. Would long since,
The Gorgon of your rage had turn'd mee marble,
Or if I haue offended?

Theod. If! good Angels!
But *I* am tame: looke on this dombe accuser.

Ath. O I am lost!

Theod. Did euer cormorant
Swollow his pray and then digest it whole
As shee hath done this apple? *Philanax*,
As 'tis, from me presented it. The good Lady
Swore shee had eaten it; yet *I* know not how
It came intire vnto *Paulinus* hands,
And I from him receau'd it, sent in scorne
Vpon my life to giue me a close touch,
That he was wearie of thee. Was there nothing
Left thee to see him, to giue satisfaction
To thy insatiate lust, but what was sent
As a deere fauour from mee? how haue I sind
In my dotage on this creature? but to her
I haue liu'd, as I was borne, a perfit virgin.
Nay more *I* thought it not enough to be
True to her bed, but that I must feede high,
To strengthen my abilities to cloye
Her rauenous appetite, little suspecting
Shee would desire a change.

Ath. I neuer did Sir.

Theod. Be dumbe, *I* will not waste my breath in taxing
Thy base ingratitude. How I haue rais'd thee,
Will by the world be to thy shame spoke often:
But for that ribawd, who held in my Empire
The next place to my selfe, so bound vnto me
By all the tyes of duty, and allegeance
Hee shall pay deere for't, and feele what it is
In a wrong of such high consequence to pull downe,
His Lords slow anger on him. *Philanax*,
Hee's troubl'd with the goute, let him be cur'd

With a violent death, and in the other world,
Thanke his Phyſitian.
Philanax. His cauſe vnheard Sir?
Pulch. Take heede of raſhneſſe.
Theod. Is what I command,
To bee diſputed?
Philan. Your will ſhall bee done Sir:
But that *I* am the inſtrument ----
Theod. Doe you murmur? *Exit Phil with the gard:*
What couldſt thou ſay if that my licence ſhould,
Giue liberty to this tongue? thou would'ſt dye? I am not
Athen. kneeling, points to Theod. ſword.
So to bee reconcil'd, See mee no more.
The ſting of conſcience euer gnawing on thee,
A long life bee thy puniſhment. *Exit* Theod.
Flacc. O ſweete Lady
How I could weepe for her!
Arcad. Speake deare Madam, ſpeake.
Your tongue as you are a Woman, while you liue,
Should bee euer mouing, at the leaſt the laſt part
That ſtirrs about you.
Pul. Though I ſhould ſad Lady
In pollicie reioyce, you as a riuall
Of my greateneſſe are remou'd, compaſſion,
Since *I* beleeue you innocent, commands mee
To mourne your fortune, credit mee *I* will vrge
All arguments I can alleage that may
Appeaſe the Emperours furie.
Arc. I will grow too,
Vpon my knees, vnleſſe hee bid mee riſe,
And ſweare hee will forgiue you.
Flacc. And repent too
All this pother for an apple?

Exeunt Pulcheria. Arcadia. Flaccilla.

Chryſ. Hope deare Madam,

And

And yeeld not to despaire, I am still your seruant,
And neuer will forsake you; though a while
You leaue the court, and city, and giue way
To the violent passions of the Emperour.
Repentance in his want of you will soone finde him.
In the meane time Ile dispose of you, and omit
No opportunity that may inuite him
To see his error.

Athen. Oh! *Wrangling her hands.*

Chrys. Forbeare for heau'ns sake:

The ende of the fourth act.

Act. 5. Scæne 1.

Philanax. Paulinus. Guard. Executioners.

Paul. THis is most barbarous! how haue you lost
All feeling of humanity, as honor;
In your consent alone to haue mee vs'd thus?
But to bee as you are a looker on,
Nay more a principall actor in't (the softnes
Of your former life consider'd) almost turnes mee
Into a senseless statue.

Philanax. Would long since
Death by some other meanes had made you one,
That you might bee lesse sensible of what
You haue, or are to suffer.

Paul. Am to suffer?
Let such, whose happinesse, and heauen depend
Vpon their present being feare to part with
A fort they cannot long holde, mine to mee is
A charge that I am wearie of, all defences
By paine, and sickenesse batterd; Yet take heede,
Take heede Lord *Philanax*, that for priuate spleene

Or any falſe conceiued grudge againſt mee,
(Since in one thought of wrong to you, I am
Sincerely innocent) you doe not that
My royall Maſter muſt in iuſtice puniſh,
If you paſſe to your owne heart thorow mine
The murther as it will come out diſcouer'd.
Phil. I murther you my Lord? heau'n witneſſe for mee
With the reſtoring of your health, I wiſh you
Long life, and happineſſe: for my ſelfe *I* am
Compell'd to put in execution that
Which I would flie from, 'tis the Emperour,
The high incenſed Emperours will commands
What I muſt ſee perform'd.
Paul. The Emperour!
Goodneſſe, and innocence garde mee! wheeles, nor racks
Can force into my memorie, the remembrance
Of the leaſt ſhadow of offence, with which
I euer did prouoke him, though belou'd
(And yet the peoples loue is ſhort, and fatall)
I neuer courted popular applauſe;
Feaſted the men of action, or labour'd
By prodigall giftes to draw the needy ſouldier,
The tribunes, or centurious to a faction,
Of which I would riſe vp the head againſt him.
I hold no place of ſtrength, fortreſſe, or caſtle
In my command, that can giue ſanctuarie
To malecontents, or countenance rebellion.
I haue built no palaces to face the court,
Nor doe my followers brauerie ſhame his traine,
And though I cannot blame my fate for want,
My competent meanes of life deſerues no enuie.
In what then am *I* dangerous?
Phil. His diſpleaſure
Reflects on none of thoſe particulars,
Which you haue mention'd, though ſome iealous Princes
In a ſubiect cannot brooke 'em.
Paul. None of theſe?

In what then am *I* worthy his ſuſpition?
But it may, nay it muſt bee, ſome informer
To whom my innocence appear'd a crime,
Hath poyſon'd his late good opinion of mee.
Tis not to dye; but in the cenſure of
So good a Maſter guilty, that afflictes mee.
Phil. There is no remedy.
Paul. No, *I* haue a friend yet,
Could the ſtrictneſſe of your warrant giue way to it,
To whom the ſtate I ſtand in now deliuer'd,
That by faire interceſſion for mee would
So far preuaile, that my defence vnheard
I ſhould not innocent, or guiltie ſuffer,
Without a fit diſtinction.
Phil. Theſe falſe hopes
My Lord abuſe you. What man, when condemn'd,
Did euer find a friend? or who dares lend
An eye of pitty to that ſtarcros'd ſubiect
On whom his ſoueraigne frownes.
Paul. Shee that dares plead
For innocence without a fee, the Empreſſe,
My greate, and gratious Miſtriſſe!
Phil. There's your error:
Her many fauours which you hop'd ſhould make you,
Proue your vndoing. Shee poore Lady is
Banniſh'd for euer from the Emperours preſence,
And his confirm'd ſuſpition, to his wrong,
That you haue bene ouer familiar with her,
Doomes you to death. I know you vnderſtand mee.
Paul. Ouer familiar?
Phil. In ſharing with him,
Thoſe ſweete and ſecret pleaſures of his bed,
Which can admit no partner.
Paul. And is that
The crime for which I am to dye? Of all
My numerous ſinnes, was there not one of waight
Enough to ſinke mee, if he borrow'd not

The colour of a guilt I neuer saw,
To paint my innocence, in a deform'd
And monstrous shape? but that it were prophane
To argue heauen of ignorance, or iniustice,
I now should tax it. Had the stars that raign'd
At my natiuity such curs'd influence,
As not alone to make mee miserable,
But in the neighbourhood of her goodnesse to mee
To force contagion vpon a Lady,
Whose purer flames were not inferior,
To theirs, when they shine brightest? to dye for her
Compar'd with what shee suffers is a trifle.
By her example warn'd, let all greate women
Heereafter throw pride, and contempt on such
As truely serue 'em, since a retribution
In lawfull courtesies, is now stil'd lust,
And to be thankfull to a seruants merits
Is growne a vice, no vertue.

Phil. These complaints
Are to no purpose: think on the long flight,
Your better part must make.

Paul. Shee is prepar'd
Nor can the freeing of an innocent
From the Emperours furious iealousie hinder her.
It shall out, 'tis resolu'd, but to bee whisper'd
To you alone. What a solemne preparation
Is made heere to put forth an inch of taper
In it selfe almost extinguish'd? mortall poison?
The hangmans sword, the halter?

Phil. Tis left to you,
To make choice of which you please.

Paulinus. Any will serue,
To take away my goute, and life together.
I would not haue the Emperour imitate
Romes Monster, *Nero*, in that cruell mercie
Hee shew'd to *Seneca*; when you haue discharg'd
What you are trusted with, and I haue giu'n you

Reasons

Reasons beyond all doubt, or disputation,
Of the Empresses and my innocence, when *I* am dead,
Since 'tis my Masters pleasure, and high treason
*I*n you not to obey it, I coniure you,
By the hopes you haue of happinesse heereafter,
Since mine in this world are now parting from mee,
That you would win the young man to repentance
Of the wrong done to his chaste wife *Eudoxia*,
And if perchance hee shed a teare for what
In his ratheneſſe hee impos'd on his true seruant,
So it cure him of future iealousie,
'Twill proue a pretious balsamum, and finde mee
When I am in my graue. Now when you please,
For I am readie.

Philanax. His words worke strangely on mee,
And *I* would doe, but *I* know not what to thinke on't. *Ex.*

Act. 5. Scæne 2.

Pulcheria. Flaccilla. Arcadia. Timantus. Gratianus. Chrysapius.

Pulch. STill in his sullen moo'd? no intermission
Of his melancholy fit?

Timantus. It rather Madam
*I*ncreases, then grows lesse.

Gratianus. In the next roome
To his bed-chamber, wee watch'd, for hee by signes
Gaue vs to vnderstand, hee would admit
Nor company, nor conference.

Pulch. Did hee take
No rest as you could ghesse?

Chrys. Not any Madam,
Like a Numidian Lyon, by the cunning
Of the desperate huntsman taken in a toyle,
And forc'd into a spatious cage, hee walkes
About his chamber, wee might heare him gnash
His teeth in rage, which opend, hollow grones

And murmurs issu'd from his lippes, like windes
Imprison'd in the cauernes of the earth
Striuing for liberty; and sometimes throwing
His body on his bed, then on the ground,
And with such violence, that wee more then fear'd
And still doe, if the tempest of his passions
By your wisdome bee not lay'd, hee will commit
Some outrage on himselfe.

Pulch. His better Angell,
I hope will stay him from so foule a mischiefe,
Nor shall my care bee wanting.

Tim: Twice I heard him,
Say false *Eudoxia*, how much art thou
Vnworthy these teares? then sigh'd, and straight
Rores out *Paulinus*, was his goutie age
To bee preferr'd before my strength and youth?
Then groand againe, so many wayes expressing
Th'afflictions of a tortur'd soule, that wee
Who wept in vaine, for what wee could not helpe,
Were sharers in his suffrings.

Pulch. Though your sorrow
Is not to bee condemn'd, it takes not from
The burthen of his miseries; wee must practise
With some fresh obiect to diuert his thoughts
From that they are wholly fix'd on.

Chrys. Could I gaine
The freedome of accesse, I would present him
With this petition. Will your highnes please, *A paper deliuer'd.*
To looke vpon it. You will soone finde there
What my intents, and hopes are. *Enter* Theod.

Gratianus. Hal 'tis hee.

Pul. Stand close,
And giue way to his passions, 'tis not safe
To stoppe them in their violent course, before
They haue spent themselues.

Theod. I play the foole, and am
Vnequall to my selfe, delinquents are

To

To ſuffer, not the innocent. I haue done
Nothing, which will not hold waight in the scale
Of my impartiall iuſtice: neither feele
The worme of conſcience, vpbraiding mee
For one blacke deed of tyranny; wherefore then
Should *I* torment my ſelfe? great Iulius would not
Reſt ſatisfi'd that his wife was free from fact,
But only for ſuſpition of a crime
S'ud a diuorce, nor was this Roman rigour
Cenſur'd as cruell, and ſtill the wiſe Italian,
That knowes the honor of his family,
Depends vpon the purity of his bed
For a kiſſe, nay wanton looke, will plough vp miſchiefe,
And ſowe the ſeedes of his reuenge in blood.
And ſhall I to whoſe power the law 'sa ſeruant,
That ſtand accomptable to none, for what
My will calls an offence, being compell'd,
And on ſuch grounds to raiſe an Altar to
My anger, though *I* grant 'tis cemented
With a looſe ſtrumpets and adulterers gore,
Repent the iuſtice of my furie? no.
I ſhould not: yet ſtill my exceſſe of loue
Fed high in the remembrance of her choice
And ſweete embraces, would perſwade mee that
Conniuence, or remiſſion of her fault,
Made warrantable by her true ſubmiſſion
For her offence, might bee excuſable,
Did not the crueltie of my wounded honor
With an open mouth denie it.

Pulch. *I* approue of
Your good intention, and *I* hope 'twill proſper.
Hee now ſeemes calme. Let vs vpon our knees
Encompaſſe him. Moſt royall Sir,

Flacc. Sweet brother.

Ars. As you are our Soueraigne, by the tyes of nature
You are bound to bee a Father in your care
To vs poore Orphans.

Timant. Shew compassion Sir,
Vnto your selfe.
Grat. The maiestie of your fortune
Should flie aboue the reach of griefe.
Chrys. And 'tis
Impair'd, if you yeeld to it.
Theod. Wherefore pay you
This adoration to a sinfull creature?
I am flesh, and blood as you are, sensible
Of heat, and cold; a smuch a slaue vnto
The tyrannie of my passions, as the meanest
Of my poore subiects the proud attributes
(By oil'd tongu'd flatterie impos'd vpon vs)
As sacred, glorious, high, inuincible,
The deputie of heauen, and in that
Omnipotent, with all false titles els
Coind to abuse our frailetie, though compounded,
And by the breath of *Sycophants* appli'd,
Cure not the least fit of an ague in vs.
Wee may giue poore men riches; confer honors
On vndeseruers; raise, or ruine such
As are beneath vs, and with this puff'd vp,
Ambition would perswade vs to forget
That wee are men: but hee that sits aboue vs,
And to whom, at our vtmost rate, wee are
But pageant properties, derides our weakenesse.
In mee to whom you kneele, 'tis most apparent.
Can I call backe yesterday, with all their aides
That bow vnto my scepter? or restore
My minde to that tranquillitie, and peace
It then inioy'd? can it make *Eudoxia* chaste?
Or vile *Paulinus* honest?
Pul. If *I* might
Without offence, deliuer my opinion,
Theod. What would you say?
Pul. That on my soule the Empresse
Is innocent.

Chry.

Chrys. The good *Paulinus* guiltleſſe.
Grat. And this ſhould yeeld you comfort.
Theod. In being guiltie
Of an offence far, far tranſcending that
They ſtand condemn'd for. Call you this a comfort?
Suppoſe it could bee true? a corraſiue rather,
Not to eate out dead fleſh, but putrifie
What yet is ſown'd. was murther euer held
A cure for iealouſie? or the crying blood
Of innocence, a balme to take away
Her feſtring anguiſh? as you doe deſire
I ſhould not doe a iuſtice on my ſelfe,
Adde to the proofes by which *Paulinus* fell,
And not take from 'em, in your charitie
Sooner beleeue that they were falſe, then *I*
Vnrighteous in my iudgement? ſubiects liues
Are not their Princes tennisballs to bee banded
In ſport away, all that I can indure
For them, if they were guilty, is an atome
To the mountaine of affliction, *I* pull'd on mee,
Should they proue innocent.
Chrys. For your Maieſties peace
I more then hope they were not; the falſe oth
Tooke by the Empreſſe, and for which ſhee can
Plead no excuſe, conuicted her, and yeelds
A ſure defence for your ſuſpition of her.
And yet to be reſolu'd, ſince ſtrong doubts are
More grieuous for the moſt part, then to know
A certaine loſſe.
Theod. 'Tis true *Chryſapius*,
Were there a poſſible meanes.
Chrys. 'Tis offer'd to you,
If you pleaſe to embrace it. Some few minutes
Make truce with paſſion, and but read, and follow
What's there proiected, you ſhall finde a key,
Will make your entrance eaſie to diſcouer
Her ſecret thoughts, and then, as in your wiſdome

You shall thinke fit, you may determine of her,
And rest confirm'd, whether *Paulinus* died
A villaine or a Martyr.
Theod. It may doe,
Nay sure it must, yet howsoeuer it fall,
I am most wretched which way in my wishes,
I should fashion the euent, *I* am so distracted
I cannot yet resolue of follow mee;
Though in my name, all names are comprehended,
I must haue witnesses, in what degree
I haue done wrong, or suffer'd,
Pulch. Hope the best Sir. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scæna 3.

A sad song. Athenais *in sackecloth. Her loose haire.*

Athen. VVHY art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stoppe a wretches breath?
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
A prey vnto thy dart.
I am nor young, nor faire, bee therefore bold,
Sorrow hath made mee old,
Deform'd, and wrinkl'd, all that I can craue,
Is quiet in my graue.
Such as liue happy, hold long life a Iewell,
But to mee thou art cruell:
If thou end not my tedious miserie,
And I soone cease to bee.
Strike, and strike home then, pitty vnto mee
In one short hours delay is tyrannie.

Thus like a dying Swan, to a sad tune
I sing my owne dirg, would a requiem follow
Which in my penitence, *I* despaire not of,

This

This brittle glaſſe of life, already broken
With miſery, the long and quiet ſleepe
Of death would bee moſt welcome, yet before
Wee end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that wee
Should leaue corruption, and foule ſinnes behinde vs.
But with waſh'd feete, and hands, the Heathens dare not
Enter their prophane temples; and for mee
To hope my paſſage to eternitie
Can bee made eaſie 'till I haue ſhooke of
The burthen of my ſinnes in free confeſſion,
Ayded with ſorrow, and repentance for 'em,
Is againſt reaſon. 'Tis not laying by
My royall ornaments, or putting on
This garment of humility, and contrition;
The throwing duſt, and aſhes on my head;
Long faſts to tame my proud fleſh, that can make
Attonement for my ſoule, that muſt be humbled,
All outward ſignes of penitence, els are vſeleſſe.
Chryſapius did aſſure mee, hee would bring mee
A holy man, from whom (hauing diſcouer'd
My ſecret crying ſinnes) *I* might receiue
Full abſolution, and hee keepes his word.
Welcome moſt reuerend Sir, vpon my knees
I entertaine you.

Enter Theodoſius, *like a frier. with* Chryſapius.

Theod. Noble Sir forbeare,
The place, the ſacred office that I come for,
Commandes all priuacie. My penitent daughter,
Bee careſull, as you wiſh remiſſion from mee,
That in confeſſion of your ſinnes, you hide not
One crime, whoſe ponderous waight, when you would make
Your flights aboue the firmament, that may ſincke you.
A fooliſh modeſtie in concealing ought
Is now far worſe then impudence to profeſſe,
And iuſtifie your guilte, bee therefore free.

So

So may the gates of mercie open to you.

Athenais. First then, I aske a pardon, for my being
Ingratefull to heau'ns bountie.

Theod. A good entrance.

Ath. Greatenesse comes from aboue, and I raisd to it
From a low condition, sinfully forgot
From whence it came, and looking on my selfe
In the false glasse of flatterie, *I* receiu'd it
As a debt due to my beautie, not a gift
Or fauour from the Emperour.

Theod. 'Twas not well.

Ath. Pride wayted on vnthankfulnesse, and no more
Remembring the compassion of the Princesse,
And the meanes shee vs'd to make mee what *I* was,
Contested with her, and with sore eyes seing
Her greater light, as it dimm'd mine, *I* practis'd
To haue it quite put out.

Theod. A greate offence,
But on repentance not vnpardonable;
Forward?

Athenais. O Father, what *I* now must vtter,
I feare in the deliuerie will destroy mee,
Before you haue absolu'd mee.

Theod. Heau'n is gratious.
Out with it.

Athenais. Heau'n commands vs to tell truth.
Yet I most sinfull wretch, forswore my selfe.

Theod. On what occasion?

Ath. Quite forgetting that
An innocent truth can neuer stand in need
Of a guiltie lye, being on the suddaine ask'd
By the Emperour my husband, for an Apple
Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it,
When my grieu'd conscience too well knowes, I sent it
To comfort sicke *Paulinus*, being a man,
I truely lou'd and fauour'd.

Theod. A cold sweate,

Like

Like the iuice of Hemlocke bathes mee. *aside.*
Ath. And from this
A furious iealousie getting possession
Of the good Emperours heart, in his rage hee doom'd
The innocent Lord to dye, my periurie
The fatall cause of murther.
Theod. Take heed daughter,
You niggle not with your conscience, and religion,
In stiling him an innocent from your feare,
And shame to accuse your selfe. The Emperour
Had many spies vpon you, saw such graces,
Which vertue could not warrant, showr'd vpon him;
Glances in publick, and more liberall fauours
In your priuate chamber meetings, making way
For foule adulterie; nor could hee bee
But sensible of the compact pass'd betweene you,
To the ruine of his honor.
Ath. Heare mee Father,
I look'd for comfort, but in this you come
To adde to my afflictions.
Theod. Cause not you
Your owne damnation, in concealing that
Which may in your discouerie finde forgiuenesse;
Open your eyes, set heauen, or hell before you.
In the reuealing of the truth, you shall
Prepare a palace for your soule to dwell in,
Stor'd with celestiall blessings; whereas if
You palliate your crime, and dare beyond
Playing with lightning, in concealing it,
Expect a dreadfull dungeon, fill'd with horror,
And neuer-ending torments.
Ath. May they fall
Eternally vpon mee, and increase,
When that which wee call time hath lost its name;

May lightning cleaue the centre of the earth,
And *I* sinke quicke, before you haue absolu'd mee,
Into the bottomlesse Abysse, if euer
In one vnchaste desire, nay in a thought
I wrong'd the honor of the Emperours bed.
I doe deserue, I grant, more then I suffer
In that my feruor, and desire to please him,
In my holy meditations pres'd vpon me,
And would not bee kept out, now to dissemble
(When I shall suddainely bee insensible,
Of what the world speaks of mee) were meere madnesse:
And though you are incredulous, *I* presume,
If as I kneele now, my eyes swolne with teares,
My hands heaud vp thus, my stretch'd heartstrings ready
To breake a sunder, my incensed Lord
(His storme of iealousie blowne ore) should heare mee,
Hee would beleeue I lied not.

Theod. Rise, and see him, *discouers himselfe.*
On his knees with ioy affirme it.

Ath. Can this bee?

Theod. My sisters, and the rest there, all beare witnesse.

Enter Pulcheria, Arcadia. Flaccilla. Chrysapius. Gratianus. Timantus.

In freeing this incomparable Lady
From the suspition of guilt, I doe
Accuse my selfe, and willingly submit
To any penance, shee in iustice shall
Please to impose vpon mee.

Ath. Royall Sir, your ill opinion of mee 's soone forgiuen.

Pul. But how you can make satisfaction to
The poore *Paulinus*, hee being dead, in reason
You must conclude impossible.

Theod. And in that
I am most miserable; the Ocean

Of ioy, which in your innocence flow'd high to mee,
Ebb's in the thought of my vniuſt command,
By which hee died. O *Philanax* (as thy name
Interpreted ſpeakes thee) thou haſt euer bene
A louer of the King, and thy whole life
Can witneſſe thy obedience to my will,
In putting that in execution, which
Was truſted to thee, ſay but yet this once
Thou haſt not done what raſhly I commanded,
And that *Paulinus* liues, and thy reward
For not performing that which I inioin'd thee,
Shall centuple what euer yet thy dutie,
Or merit challeng'd from mee.

Phil. 'Tis too late Sir.
Hee's dead, and when you know hee was vnable
To wrong you, in the way that you ſuſpected,
You 'll wiſh it had bene otherwiſe.

Theod. Vnable?

Phil. I am ſure hee was an *Eunuch*, and might ſafely
Lye by a Virgins ſide, at foure yeares made one,
Though to hold grace with Ladies hee conceald it.
The circumſtances, and the manner how
You may heare at better leaſure.

Theod. How! an *Eunuch*?
The more the proofes are, that are brought to cleare thee,
My beſt *Eudoxia*, the more my ſorrowes.

Athen. That *I* am innocent?

Theod. That *I* am guiltie
Of murther, my *Eudoxia*. I will build
A glorious monument to his memorie,
And for my puniſhment liue, and dye vpon it,
And neuer more conuerſe with men.

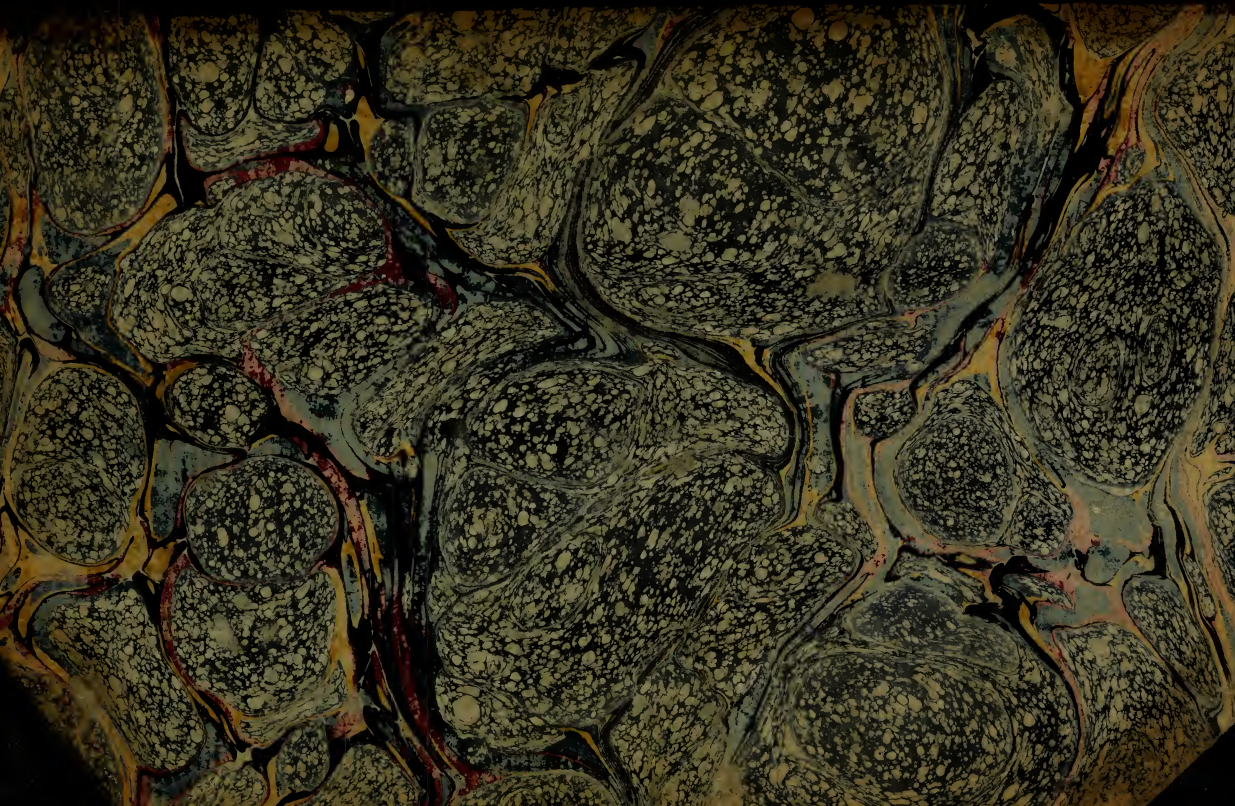
Enter Paulinus.

Paulin. Liue long Sir,

May I doe so to serue you, and if that
I liue does not displease you, you owe for it
To this good Lord.
Theod. My selfe, and all that's mine.
Philan. Your pardon is a payment.
Theod. I am rap'd
With ioy beyond my selfe. Now my *Eudoxia*
My iealousie puff'd away thus, in this breath
I scent the naturall sweetenesse. *Kisses her.*
Arcad. Sacred Sir,
I am happy to behold this, and presume,
Now you are pleas'd, to moue a sute, in which
My sister is ioyn'd with mee.
Theod. Prethee speake it,
For I haue vow'd to heare before *I* grant,
I thanke your good instructions.
Arc. 'Tis but this Sir,
Wee haue obseru'd the falling out, and in,
Betweene the husband and the wife showes rarely,
Their iarres, and reconcilements strangely take vs.
Flac. Anger and iealousie that conclude in kisses
Is a sweete war in sooth.
Arc. Wee therefore, brother
Most humbly beg you would prouide vs husbands
That wee may tast the pleasure of't.
Flac. And with speede Sir,
For so your fauour's doubl'd.
Theod. Take my word,
I will with all conuenience; and not blush
Hereafter to bee guided by your counsailes.
I will deserue your pardon. *Philanax*
Shall bee remembred, and magnificent bounties
Fall on *Chrysapius*. My grace on all.

Let *Cleon* bee deliuer'd and rewarded,
My grace on all, which as I len'd to you,
Returne your vowes to heauen, that it may pleaſe
(As it is gratious) to quench in mee
All future ſparkes of burning iealouſie.

THE END.

EPILOGVE.

WEE haue reaſon to be doubtfull, whether hee
On whom (forc'd to it by neceſsitie)
The maker did conferre his Emperours part
Hath giuen you ſatisfaction, in his art
Of action and deliuerie; 'tis ſure truth
The burden was too heauie for his youth
To vndergoe: but in his will wee know
Hee was not wanting, and ſhall euer owe
With, his, our ſeruice, if your fauours daine
To giue him ſtrength, hereafter to ſuſtaine
A greater waight. It is your grace that can
In your allowance of this write him man
Before his time, which if you pleaſe to doe
You make the Player, and the Poet too: